



CENTRE OF GYMNASTICS

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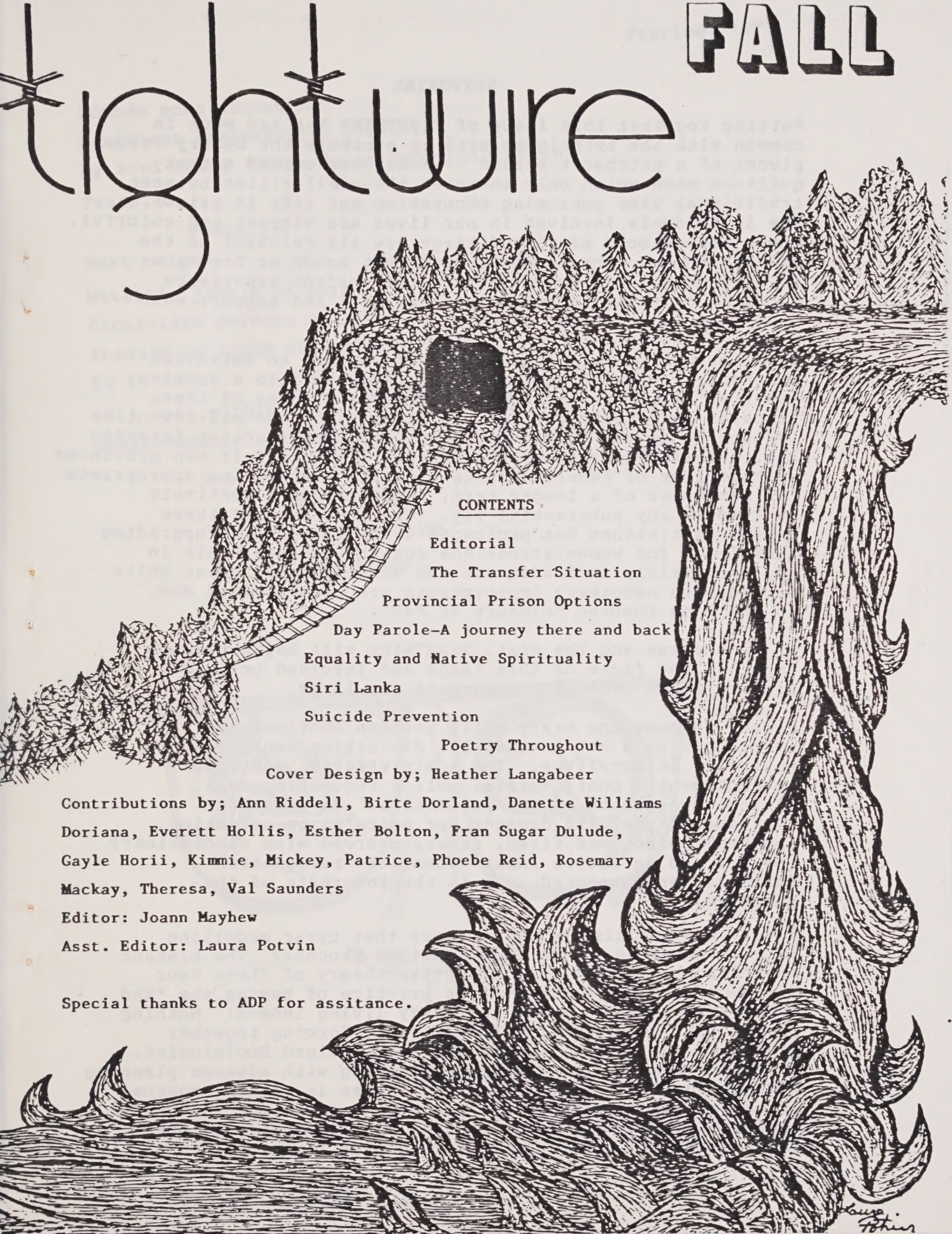


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tightwire

FALL



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Special thanks to ADP for assistance.

EDITORIAL

Putting together this issue of TIGHTWIRE has had much in common with the techniques used to assemble the memory laden pieces of a patchwork spread -- sometimes called a crazy quilt--a name which only enhances the similarities between traditional time consuming occupation and life in prison. The individuals involved in our lives are vibrant and colorful, their issues both small and large are all relevant to the greater whole. The common thread that bonds or breaks us is that we are all women sharing this prison experience with the capacity to strengthen, comfort and support each other, if we choose to do so.

On a National level, discussions are moving to establish the Federal/Provincial Transfer Agreements into a working reality. Although the theory and paper signing of these Transfer Agreements has been in place since the mid-seventies (depending on the particular province), the function intended i.e. allowing women to serve Federal time in their own provinces without loss of Federal Rights and with programming appropriate for sentences of a longer term, has not been effectively started in any substantial way. The existence of these paper negotiations has prolonged delay in updating/upgrading facilities for women across the country. Sisters sit in the Provincials in inadequate and worse circumstances while in Kingston necessary improvements are back-shelved due to the long rumored "closure of P4W".

In this issue and the next, TIGHTWIRE will begin piecing together the facts of this large and involved political picture which will affect many of our lives.

Closer to home the crazy quilt pattern continues to unfold giving a not unusual but disturbing sense of unreality in our lives. The Administration continues to implement a controversial policy requesting non-violent acceptance by the population. To empathize the sincerity of its demands for peaceful co-operation, the Chairperson was fired, others coerced with disciplinary charges and an entire Inmate Committee resignation submitted and accepted--all in the interests of non-violence!

Surely the Administration is aware that clear modelling is a cornerstone to the socialization process? The blatant contradiction between the Christian theory of "Love Your Neighbor" and the Machiavellian practice of having the "End Justify the Means", makes for crazy living indeed! Nothing useful will be gained by thoughtlessly forcing together pieces of our lives. Our Warden is a trained Sociologist. How about some evidence of that training with advance planning through Anger Management clinics? Anger is a valid source of energy, aggression is its negative expression. Women need the opportunity to understand the difference as they labor to create constructive, productive lives.

Jo Ann Mayhew Editor

Sounds echo around me
Senseless conversation prevails
My soul seeks solace in an embryonic state
Tears....

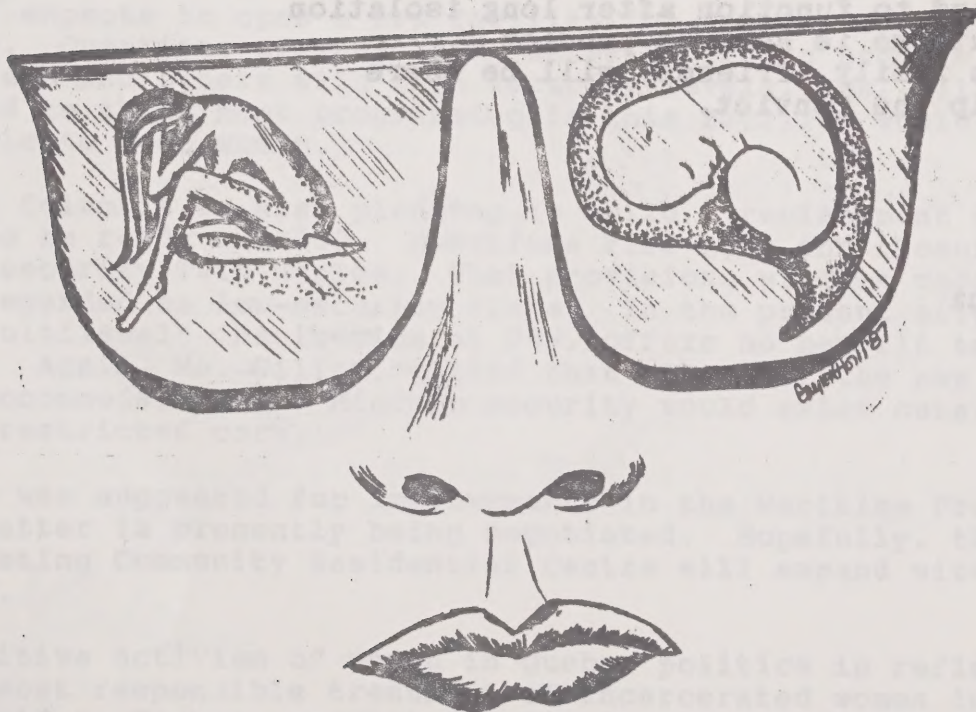
Fears....

Hurt reigns
Metallic jangle of keys
Clone-like persons of power
There's no light in darkness
So it seems
'Til deep within my
Consciousness whispers....

Bend....

don't break
don't give up

THE FIGHT



A MARKED INDIVIDUAL

Religion, Race and Creed
Are lost and mingled in this speed
No distinction, of you, and me or she.

One and all the same
The meals, the clothes, the thoughts
A square space, a bar of soap
A number and a letter.

A stolen 20 minutes of priest and mass
15 to 30 minutes daily of fresh air
Enough to keep an ounce of life from despair
No movement from A to B without a pass.

Rules and regulations always the same
No change for fear the institution might be in shame
Who is it to Blame? Man, Law or Universe
Maybe the one with the purse.

Woman, child or girl, each one trapped
They are tenderly huddled
With the wrapping arms of the walls
The cold black bars
Until the number, month and year
Appear on the said calendar and hemisphere.

Shoved into outside population
Expected to function after long isolation
The outcome is hard to predict
Unless family, friends, will be there
To help the Convict.

Doriana

3/87

Government Representatives Visit P4W

On July 8, 1987, representatives of the Government, the Prison Administration and the Prisoners' Inmate Committee met to fact find and discuss a broad range of prison issues.

The Office of the Prime Minister was represented by Special Assistant on Women's Issues, Sharon Wolfe. Ghislane Delorme, Press Secretary to the Solicitor General and Mary Ellen Gillan responsible for managing programming for Female and Native offenders, were also present.

Among the serious issues raised was the current state of Federal Provincial Transfers. The purpose of these transfer agreements is to allow Female Offenders to serve their sentences closer to home with EQUAL OPPORTUNITY of programming offered to the women now at Prison for Women in Kingston.

All provinces, except Ontario, have signed these agreements over the last ten years. Until recently few of the provinces have worked towards offering program parity. According to Mary Ellen Gillan this problem is now being addressed.

Current government efforts are for Tri-Party Committees from each province with one representative from the Federal Government, one from the Provincial Government and one member of E. Fry. These people will look at programming. The end result is expected to be a PROGRAM DOCUMENT attached to the existing Transfer Agreement. These will spell out more precisely what each province will offer.

Alberta expects to open a new facility for Female Offenders in 1988. Questions already being asked regarding program availability for Lifers and others with high security levels. Ms. Gillan appeared to think most programming in this facility would be available to most women.

British Columbia is also planning to build a replacement for Okala to be ready in 1990. Questions rise with the closure of low-security Twin Maples. What provisions will be made for women regarded as low-security risks. In the present situation of a "multilevel" institution at P4W, offers no benefit to these people. Again, Ms. Gillan replied that plans for the new facility could accommodate all. Minimum security would exist outside a more restricted core.

No date was suggested for improvements in the Maritime Provinces--that matter is presently being negotiated. Hopefully, the one existing Community Residential Centre will expand with women in mind.

The positive activism of women in Quebec politics is reflected in the most responsible treatment of incarcerated women in Canada. Women held in Tanguay are not a "side-issue" of second? class citizens in a male oriented and designed system. Tanguay will continue along its present lines with the Federal Government monitoring the level of programs being offered.

MEDIA STUDIES - SUMMER, 1987

THE SENSES ARE FIVE

The sight of a beautiful flower uplifts my heart with awe. I feel privileged. Heady fragrances....I inhale deeply and feel joy. The buzzing of a lone bee darting to a pollen feast...golden liquid will delight.

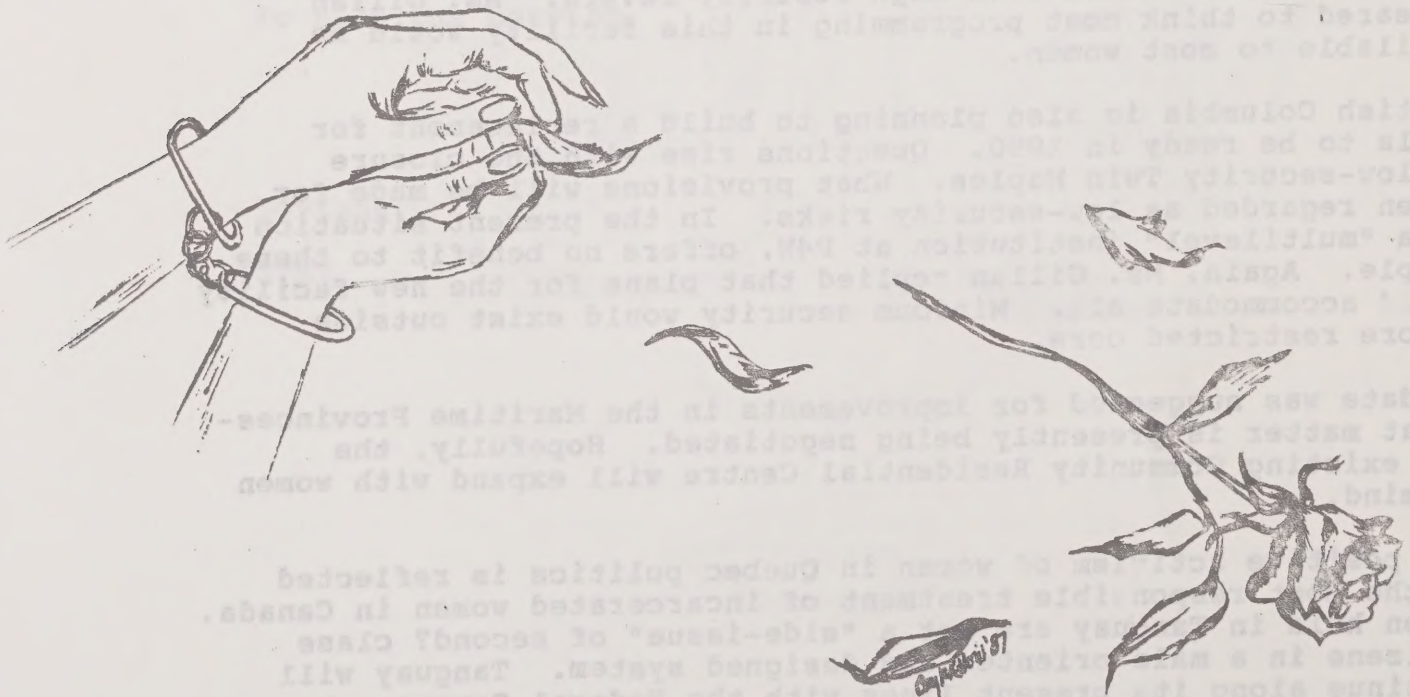
Tenderly I feel the petal...caresses of velvet...the touch of love to my heart.

The senses communicate their discoveries to the brain transforming them into meaningful feelings.

Food, shelter and clothing, bodily requirements for basic survival, are accepted as instinctive. Humanity has evolved from a functional level to a more enlightened level through aesthetics and culture aligning the pleasure principle with the quality of life...the quality of human feeling.

In prison, the struggle to retain one's humanity, one's quality of human feeling may be a lesson in futility. Deprivation strips away experiences of beauty with savage results. The instincts of survival, basic survival remains...prowling...fearful, the prisoner returns to society desensitized, dehumanized, degraded.

Locusts swarm in readiness.



TANGUAY - First Choice

Tanguay is a provincial prison as well as a detention center.

I have been incarcerated at Tanguay twice. I found that it was a decent place as far as jails are concerned. It is located in a residential area of Montreal and is close enough to downtown to make visits convenient for family and friends.

When you are first brought to Tanguay you are placed in a section of the jail for those who are not familiar with the routine. This gives you a chance to learn the rules and adjust yourself to them. Those who have not been sentenced are also placed there.

You are allowed your own clothes. If you do not have someone to provide your own clothes, clothes are provided for you. You also receive the basics; toothbrush, comb, sheets and towels.

If you want, you can have someone bring you in a T.V., radio and other items such as blow dryers and curling irons.

The cells in Tanguay are single so you have the privacy that you don't receive in most other holding centers.

When I was there the windows had no bars, only heavy screens. It is nice to be able to open your own window and not look out at bars.

The yard is not very big but there is a plus that I have never seen in any jail. There is a small, above-ground, swimming pool that is used during the summer months.

Tanguay, in my opinion, is one of the most humane jails that I have had the unfortunate opportunity of visiting. I wish that more jails, prisons and detention centers would take an example from Tanguay and realize that even though the women and men who are in jail (whether they deserve to be there or not) are easier to handle if they are comfortable or at least able to relax to a certain extent.

The only problem that I had when I was there was the language barrier between French and English. I do speak enough French to get by so I was okay. However, for those who are not able to speak French it is difficult to talk to people and most of the guards speak only French.

Other than that I believe that if I were ever again to be held in a jail and had a choice I would prefer Tanguay.

Laura Potvin

ON BEING HELD IN HALIFAX

I was held in the Halifax County Correctional Centre (H.C.C.C.) in the Fall of 1985. This was during the thirty day waiting period I was allowed before signing waiver papers that would allow the C.S.C. to transfer me to Ontario. This transfer was not 'optional'. Halifax has no facilities for women serving long term sentences. My experience at the H.C.C.C. was brief but what I observed has been repeatedly confirmed by other women held at the same institution for varying lengths of time.

I was only permitted to stay in the main living unit of the female section a short time before Superintendent, Mrs. Finnigan, felt it was more advisable to revert to the standard policy of placing a Federal Inmate in a cell in the Remand Section. Being kept in what amounts to punitive disassociation conditions is standard treatment for Federal females in some provincial institutions regardless of their individual behavior. However, before my removal from the population I noted the following:

The female living unit consists of two dormitory rooms which hold from six to ? women depending upon the number of admissions. Limited institutional clothing is provided; used jeans, T-shirts, pajamas, underwear and sneakers. These may be stored in a cardboard box under your bed. One nightstand table provides the only additional space for any personal effects. These provisions are obviously intended for relatively short term offenders. There is no provision for the arrangement of such materials as might be required for vocational or educational training courses. This is not an oversight. The H.C.C.C. does not provide such programs for women.

Financial survival is a matter of being dependent upon the good will and generosity of friends or family on the outside. No work, even for prison wages is provided. No hygienic materials, such as shampoo and toothpaste, are provided. The prisoner is responsible for buying her own from the prison canteen. Being able to afford tobacco or a bag of chips or a chocolate bar is a luxury. To say even the basics of decent living are provided is giving more credit to the barest of existences than is due.

The three meals that are provided each day are only worthy of note when the food (prepared by men in distant kitchen and eventually delivered by cart to the women's unit) is warm and recognizable. The food is steamed and heavy. It would not be served by a more charitabile Soup Kitchen. My experience was that fresh food--even and apple-- was a rare event. Far more common was the appearance of green and gray tainted meat in the form of hot dogs and bologna.

Why is less expensive fresh fruit in season not provided rather than the more expensive, surgary canned variety? Just another indication of the low priority give to the welfare of prisoners.

More outstanding is the lack of program facilities for women at the H.C.C.C. Prisoners are expected to be up, dressed and to participate in a shared hour of housekeeping. Between two dorms, one day room and a common corridor the scope for this activity divided by the number of women being held consumes very little time. Yet, this is the main feature of each day. After this flurry, inmates sit in a day room. A black and white T.V. is allowed in the late afternoon and evening. A small outside yard suitable for tossing a baseball may be opened for half an hour if staff and weather permit.

The Superintendent had vaguely proposed that prisoners could occupy their time crocheting doll clothes for future sale at a charity bazaar. This suggestion was not backed by any instruction in "how to learn to crochet" nor was any mention made of developing this skill for saleable money earning projects in the future.

The H.C.C.C. is an example of what happens to women who are incarcerated within a primarily male situation. They are handed the depreivation of prison but no rehabilitation. The overall facilities are used exclusively for men. In the Halifax situation women are left without work in either the kitchen or the laundry. They have no access to any training facility or the gym or the library or the chapel.

While incarcerated the women have little hope of effecting change. There are no formal grievance procedures to follow and questioning of the status quo results in being labelled a "troublemaker". The Inmate Committee is confined to male inmates and their issues.

A recent letter from Terence Donahoe states that meeting the needs of the female offender in Nova Scotia is one of the priorities of corrections in that province. From an almost zero base there is plenty of room for much needed improvement.

Jo-Ann Mayhew

SAINT JOHN REGIONAL CORRECTIONAL CENTRE

Both Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, have taken the Co-Correctional approach of incarcerating women in auxiliary units within a heavily male oriented/dominated institution. At the Saint John Regional Correctional Centre women have quite literally been hidden away in a back corner (or a half corner, to be more precise).

While the units provided for men do at least enjoy a view of the city of Saint John and its harbor, the women look out through their permanently sealed windows of Unit 5B at an unchanging earth mount.

No one expects prisons to be comfortable places and although it is relatively new, Saint John Regional is no exception. Overcrowding is solved by throwing another mattress into a cell and letting the new-comer sleep on the floor. The two tiers of six cells each, the day area and the shower are all part of the same living unit. Federal women and those being held on remand are located in cells 23 out of 24 hours each day. For all, monotony is the theme.

Although work shops and training (carpentry/mechanics) do exist in the institution, women are not encouraged to participate. In fact, a contrary situation exists wherein women who want to upgrade their skills rather than sit passively through their sentence time are regarded as "troublemakers". The individual thus incur a whole new round of problems by attempting to show a positive interest in HER own future.

If, finally, permitted to join one of the programs the women must then deal with the derogatory and negative remarks of staff who feel that women have "no right in traditional male" trade area. (We didn't need prison to teach us that attitude!)

As is common in other provincial institutions, no work for wages is provided. Inmates are issued used clothing and in Saint John an issue of institutional shampoo along with one black comb is handed out. One single hair brush must be shared by all.

While not having canteen privileges may seem a "small" point, it acquires much greater significance by virtue of the fact that men incarcerated at Saint John are given the opportunity to earn canteen type privileges as rewards for satisfactory behavior as they approach release. The efforts of women receive no such reward.

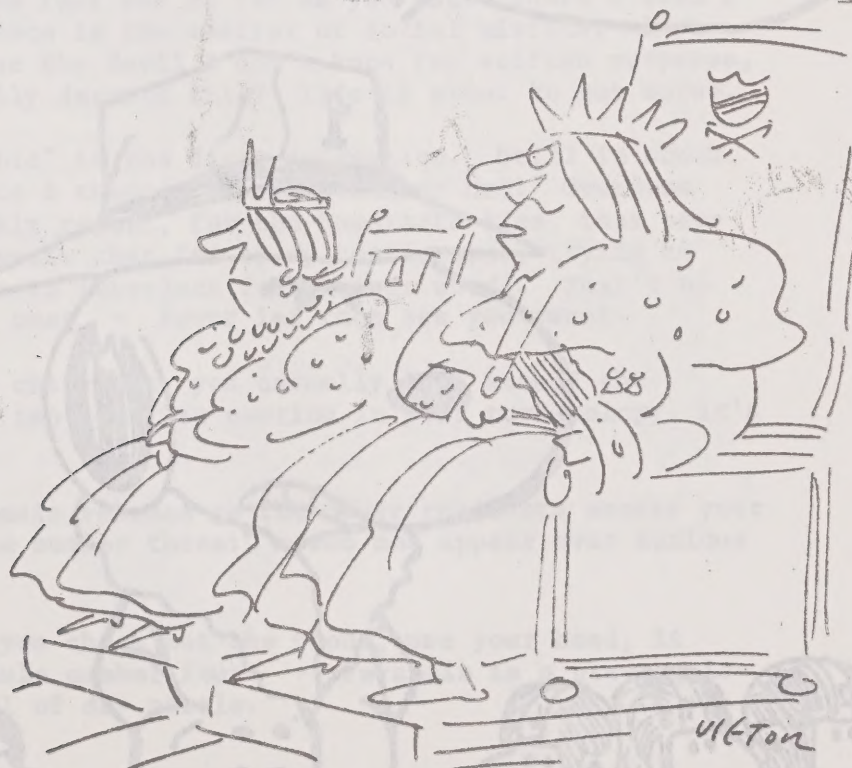
Out-of-doors recreation for women is another overlooked area. While a reasonable yard facility, as well as a gym have been provided for men, women have been left with a postage stamp sized yard and occasionally allowed to share the gym while staff members work out - if convenient.

The only positive input to the Saint John story comes from the effort of a former inmate. In the summer of 1986, this woman approached officials outside the Corrections system with the stories of general neglect of programs for women in this institution.

A mini-program was established to enable a few incarcerated women to go to a church hall one afternoon each week. They were able to participate in a wider range of programs which included contact with The Salvation Army, and liaison with other community resources such as the Coverdale Centre and Amara House and its founder Ada Paschal.

Such an effort is encouraging. Unfortunately it also illustrates how little planning has been done on behalf of the female offender in the province. Another case of MUCH ROOM for improvement.

Described by Val Saunders
Written by Jo-Ann Mayhew



"Frankly, I can't tell one inmate from another"

N E W

NEW

new

RULES*

Do not jump on ancient uncles.

*

Do not yell at average mice.

*

Do not wear a broom to breakfast.

*

Do not take a snake's advice.

*

Do not bathe in chocolate pudding.

*

Do not talk to bearded bears.

*

Do not smoke cigars on sofas.

*

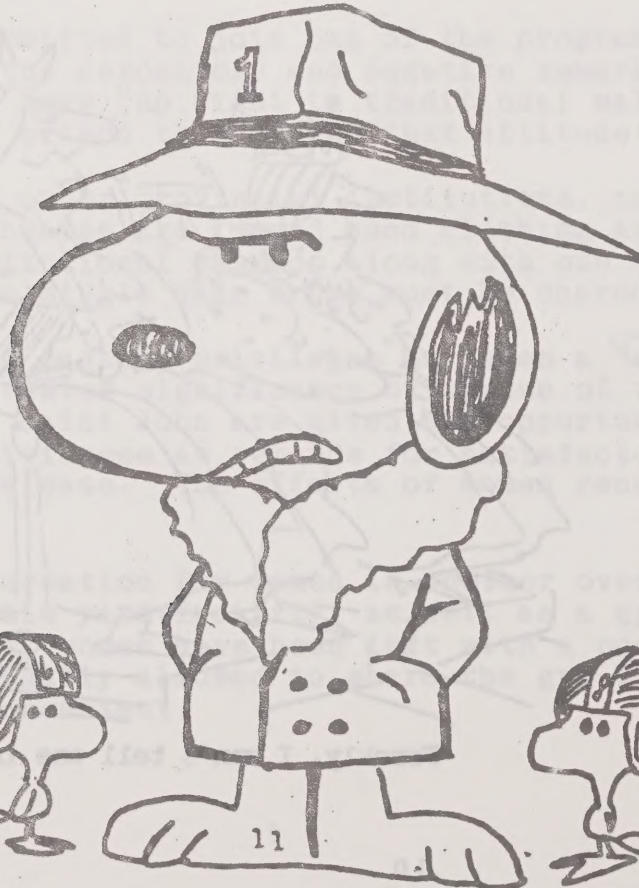
Do not dance on velvet chairs.

*

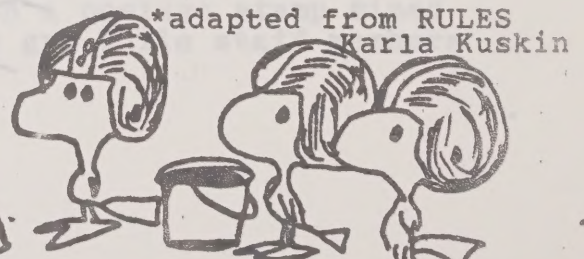
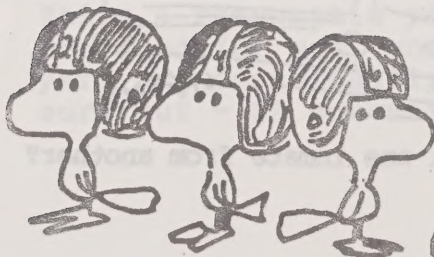
Do not take a whale to visit
George's mother's cousin's yacht.

*

And whatever else you do do
It is better you
Do not. *



*due to temporary
absence of C.D's for:
supplementation
repagination
marginalization &
refogination



*adapted from RULES
Karla Kuskin

A JOURNEY "THERE AND BACK" - DAY PAROLE, A SHORT STORY

BY: ROSEMARY MACKAY

APRIL 24, 1987

There you go, happily waving good-bye to friends, enemies and confinement, to embark on the strange program of day parole. You feel weightless as you step into that cab destined for the airport or train station. Quickly breathing in the fresh air of freedom, don't be alarmed if you are suddenly overtaken by a cough.

That strange society that imprisoned us, now welcomes us back. Suppress that thought - signal should read "proceed with caution". Leaving an environment that dictates work, recreation and rules for the environment that questions our abilities, intelligence and common sense can be very traumatic. I have often thought that "Halfway House" is a point halfway between Heaven and Hell. We, being curious creatures, have yet to determine which is which.

Arriving we quickly assess our new surroundings. We come to the conclusion it's not a joke. Surrounded by other parolees, male or female, house staff (rejected social workers) and volunteers (bored housewives with a mission in life) we have taken the second step in our rehabilitation. The first being, that ordeal of exposing our sincerity to a panel of people representing society's finest. It's a questionable process at best. Curb that desire that dictates, run as fast and as far as you can. There's been a mistake. The residence is the shelter of social misfits. I've decided, I just chose the devil I don't know for selfish purposes, after all, do I really deserve this? Life is about to get worse.

"Let's get comfortable" is the first suggestion. Still in shock, we'll give this place a chance. Mistake number one! Overcome with regret, I quickly repeat, for the hundredth time, that popular story of the events that led to my confinement, trying to swallow that impulse to interject four letter words. That's no sweat. Rule number one: - Never let them see you sweat.

After that charming chit-chat, you casually look around the joint. Rule number two: - Use caution in your terminology, it's a house.

You're trying to remain relaxed as the other residents assess your compatibility. Rule number three: - Do not appear over anxious to make friends.

Passing that test, you check out the phone, use your head, it might be tapped. Rule number four: - Paranoia is a pre-requisite for the survival of day parole.

Decide the phone is safe, and make a few quick calls to advise of your return. It's now late, relax for a moment, say goodnight, and breath a sigh of relief, no problems your first day.

Awakened early by the sound of an angry mob fighting for that precious territory, commonly known as the bathroom, the decision has been made to get up and gear up. Today is the day to arm yourself for battle, meeting the supreme ruler is bound to require the drawing of blood.

It's worse that you imagined, the dragon has taken the shape of a human parole officer, but you can't be fooled, you realize the danger. The first order of business, the right and wrong of parole - curb the urge to fall asleep. You quickly discover that this long arm of the law is serious. Rule number five: - Try not to be too serious when discussing matters with your P.O. Settle in, it's going to be a long speech, so relax.

Now the worst is over, you succeeded in slaying the dragon. An unusual thought strikes, getting a job. If this abnormal thinking persists I recommend a good night's rest. You refused my advice, throwing yourself into the work force, only to find your not exactly a hot commodity. You're on your own - your P.O. is too busy watching for a mistake to offer any support, it's a tough job.

Then it approaches, Friday night, friends and a party, good idea! Mistake number two! A party is never a good idea for people with restrictions. Off you go, determined to keep a close check on the time. Promising yourself no alcohol, you indulge in one. Mistake number three, the most common! The hour of curfew approaches, maybe one more drink. Mistake number four, taking your own advise! In a matter of minutes, your whole world goes up in smoke, drunk and late, now A.W.O.L., your drown your sorrows, it's going to be a long time before you get cosy with a bottle again.

Monday morning, the hour of doom, with regret and sincerity prominent in your voice, call the dreaded P.O. With a calm attitude the suggestion falls, surrender yourself and trust me. Rule number five: - Never trust a parole officer. Blame it on old age, it's making you an idiot.

In custody, trapped again, waiting for those words, "I Forgive You" - They never come! Your mind tells you, it's been a good vacation, your heart says, you're a failure. Freedom becomes a memory as you see those words - DAY PAROLE REVOKED!

Time to return to the place of the revolving door, only to find others have failed too. Living with the thought, maybe next year, you settle into a place where nothing has changed.

A journey there and back.

Federal parolees, whether they be male or female, share a set of problems uniquely their own, commonly called "Street Shock". When embarking on freedom, generally to a halfway house, it's important to keep in mind, adjustment is difficult. Reacquaintance with family, friends and society is a slow process. It's a condition that exists because we expect so much from the newly awarded freedom. We never allow for change in an ever-changing world, so we become frightened. Every situation has rules and responsibilities. We suffer with confusion and hesitation. We become impatient when we attempt to adapt too quickly. The best possible advice is take time and remember, most things in life are worth the wait. Relax, no one expects a miracle, just an honest effort. It's easy to succeed, even easier to fail.



Hang in there!

FINAL REPORT

"PRISON FOR WOMEN"

By Birte Dorland

Today was the culmination of my learning experience - today was the "volunteer social" hosted by the inmates and staff of the Prison for Women. I sat beside my fellows and "students" in the audience and watched performances put on by some of the women for our benefit. It was a comedy or parody of our many T.V. Soaps and brought quite a few chuckles from participants and audience alike. I enjoyed the performances, the company, and the refreshments being served. Throughout it all I reflected on my experiences these past few months. I questioned what I had learned and what I had contributed toward the learning of others, to their lives in general and their situation in particular. I felt both happy and extremely sad -- a distressing mixture -- especially at a time like this I reflected. I knew that I had learned so much and yet I had barely touched the lives of these women around me. Soon I would be leaving, moving on toward my future without bars to hold me, except those in my mind. There is no limitation in the range of options open to me. I realized that I would never see anyone of them again.

On a personal level I learned, primarily, that even in such an 'unhappy' place as here in the Prison for Women there can be moments of happiness, moments of sharing and mutual caring -- of human support. I met people who have displayed a strength of optimism and 'hope' hitherto rarely encountered 'outside'. If I had ever appreciated these qualities in people before, my experiences here have intensified this appreciation multifold. Women who for all intents and purposes could well say "why strive? why care? why have concrete goals of any kind? I am here to stay.", kept a clear path open toward 'individual' development and spiritual fulfillment -- against all odds! Women who had been knocked down by past frustration and deeds, and of course, the social patriarchal system or the general 'human condition', strove toward achievement to have faith in God, in humanity and, above all, faith in themselves. I learned what it really meant to be a strong woman and a strong person.

As to my professional development, I learned that I was able to instill pride in accomplishment on an individual basis, in one instance. I also learned the limitations of 'teaching' in a pure sense within the given restrictions of the task. We learned 'the ropes' together. My contribution in the way of teaching was vague; no classroom, no specific pupils, no exact curriculum. We had a task before us and we set to it in unison. At first waver-

ing and faltering like infants learning to walk, we exchanged ideas, stimulated thought, translated this to action and, with the help and encouragement of contributors, came up with three issues of the Tightwire. Each became successively better; clearer in purpose and more definitive in format. I tried to stimulate creativity -- there was no need -- it was bountiful, needing only a vehicle for expression. Towards the end, I felt no longer needed in an educational context. However, I knew I was appreciated as a stimulus and as a resource to the "outside". I rack my mind! What can I now give? Yet, as I do so, I know it is really only my caring, my support evidenced in my presence that counts.

Some of the key incidents remain jarred in my mind -- one in particular. The day I met a young lady who was so very talented but she was amazed when I expressed this fact. She looked extremely shy and humble but at once truly radiant -- as if I had been that talent. I looked forward to working with her and encouraging her sense of self and nurturing her artistic gift. I did not really get to see or talk to her again! I heard that she was in isolation or recovery or something to that effect. I hurt! I do not know what happened, I cannot, dare not ask, for I cannot help. But if not I, then who? I am left disgruntled and helpless. She was but one of others I have met, yet she, so young, so vulnerable, she still remains fixed within me. I realize the fine line I walk, not prisoner, not staff... I must remain deliberately 'outside' or not be here at all. I see both sides of all the issues and each side is often equally painful, if not valid.

The staff I met, primarily in the social development section, have been considerate of me in my ignorance and ineptitude, my newness to 'this' environment -- I appreciate this. One senses they 'know' what I am going through and sympathize. The least satisfying aspect for me has been my inability to be of any 'real' help toward the betterment of the lot of anyone in any concrete fashion. Yet, I know, I must have added just a bit of enrichment. I know this because today I am here at the 'volunteer social' and am being fed and entertained. I only wish there were more that I could really do. This sentiment, however, applies equally to the 'outside' world as it does to the world here behind bars at the Prison for Women.

Had I been able to use any of the academic learnings of my B.A., B.Ed. programs? I really do not know very precisely the answer to that question. But if so -- only in terms of being able to discuss literary and social issues as appropriate. Could I have done this without the education? Possibly, in fact, likely! The inmates in charge of the job and their assistants could -- they have no degrees, yet. However, I deliberately chose the 'Tightwire' project because I would be able to experience something

somewhat apart from my areas of specialization. I did learn about publishing, editing, formatting, all of which are ancillary to teaching English. I, also, was able to adjust my approach to a given task to the preceived needs of the person I was dealing with. Thus, in this respect, ie. ensuring a learning range for individual differences did come into play.

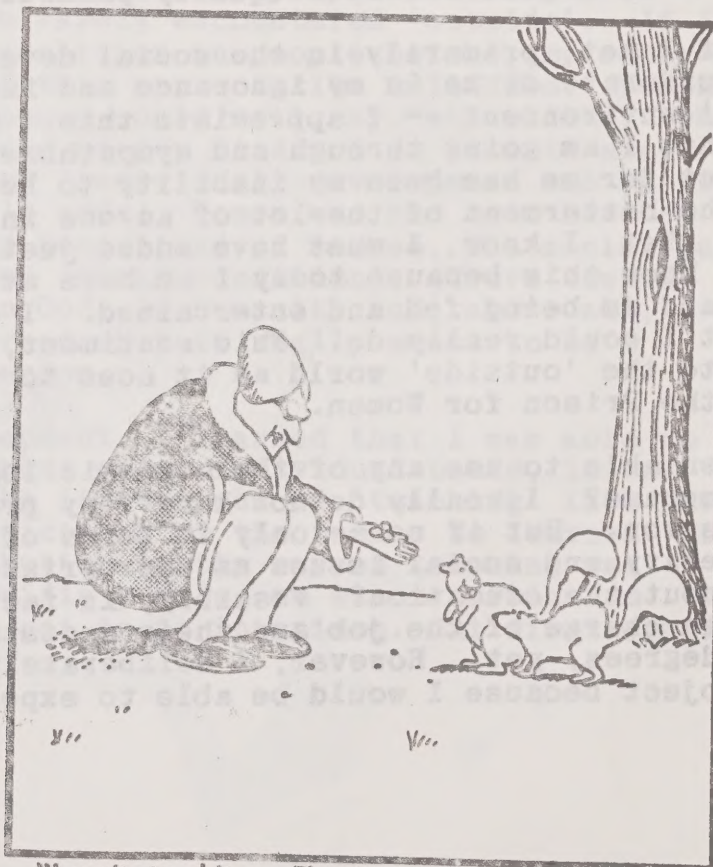
In conclusion, I believe it has been a unique learning experience -- much more for me, I suspect, than for my adult 'students' and fellow workers who are the publishers and editors of, as well as, the contributors to, the 'Tightwire' magazine at the Prison for Women.

The Tightwire staff wishes to thank Birtie for her energetic and enthusiastic interest.

In part, Tightwire attempts to translate the prison experience in a manner that can be more readily understood by the outside reader. Birtie was most helpful in teaching us how better to bridge the chasms of misunderstanding/misperception that too often prevail.

Thank you, Birtie

Jo-Ann Mayhew
Editor



"I can't stand it . . . They're so CUTE when they sit like that."

"Yesterday Tears -
Today's Water."

No one knows
of the tears
that spill late at night upon my pillow

For the love I lost
the love I still feel...

To understand
how a sword
could penetrate stone.

Only Love
could possibly wield such strength.

To feel
this pain so intense
cutting through me

Creeping
Through the fog
in which I walk

To know
I may never again
experience the beauty
we held in each other's hearts

All my dreams...My hopes
Broken

Left to lie
amidst the pieces of my heart

For with You
I all fit so perfectly

Without You

It Hurts
Like Never Before

"It Hurts"

It's Forever

Kimie



A PRAYER

July 26, 1987

Oh! Great Spirit keep us strong

and help us to learn the
ways of our Grandfather.

For without the teachings
of Grandfather we are like
little children, weak, lost
and can be led astray.

We might fall but we get
up to try again and again.

Great Spirit keep us strong;
for we need the strength to push forward.

GREAT SPIRIT

KEEP WATCH OVER US!!



"CORRECTIONS is a HUMAN ENTERPRISE"

That "Corrections is a Human Enterprise" is stated as the first principle to guide the development of corrections by the Carson Report of 1985. What is written in an official report and what is enacted behind the walls of some penal institutions is very different.

At the Prison for Women, the Native Sisterhood meets weekly. Women are allowed to keep eagle feathers, prayer bundles and sweet grass - sacramental objects - with them. A sweat lodge was built in a private part of the yard and is used. Elders and spiritual advisors are welcome to visit and advise on a regular basis. Twice yearly the entire population is invited to join the Native Sisterhood in Pow Wow, a celebration of life.

It appears that the Canadian Correctional System has one set of paper principles that reflect humanitarian concern in theory and are applied on a Regional basis. Translating theories into a living experience for the incarcerated individual is the story of exhausting, frustrating and seemingly, never-ending struggle.

The following article is only part of one woman's provincial fight to follow her spiritual beliefs with dignity. After many months of pursuing the matters outlined through a maze of officialdom there are points still left unattended.

TIGHTWIRE hopes that in reading Fran's story, private and public individuals will take another look at Carson's first principle, recognizing the human spirit and its quest as a most basic element and apply this principle universally in CSC institutions across the country.

1885

Margaret! I told
You and your father
Before we enroll'd
Our lives together
That my future was
Still clouded with storms
How my career has
Come to it's grand forms.

O Captain! I would
Write with discretion
And carefully should
I get permission
To work out humbly
The bread that I wish
For my family
The bread of anguish.

Louis Reil

When Reil surrendered to the Canadian forces in early May 1885, he was taken to Regina and held there without being allowed visitors until his trial began on July 20th.

His concern for the welfare of his family and his hopes that he would be able to arouse his sympathizers to come to his assistance, led Reil to petition his jailor for the right to write and sell articles about the war.

Superintendent Dean was as anxious to keep Reil out of the news as Reil was anxious to get into the news and the request was not granted.

1987

FOR THE PROTECTION OF INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED IN THE FOLLOWING
STORY, THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE PRISON FOR WOMEN

CENSORED

ALL NAMES AND INSTITUTIONAL TITLES.

February 12, 1987

To: Alberta Human Rights Commission
Ombudsman of Alberta
All Concerned Citizens

My name is Frances Sugar Dulude. I have been incarcerated at Edmonton Remand Centre since July 12, 1986. I am a Cree Native from Piopot, Saskatchewan.

I am making a plea to all concerned citizens; namely Alberta Human Rights Commission and the Ombudsman of Alberta in hopes of gaining equal spiritual religious rights for myself and other native people who practice Native Spirituality as a way of life.

Since entering Edmonton Remand Centre, I have encountered numerous displays of discrimination concerning my religion and access to spiritual artifacts such as sweetgrass, sage, prayer bundle and the sacred eagle feather. I have some documentation from requests that I have directed to Edmonton Remand Centre administration that will be attached and I will attempt to document certain episodes that I have experienced. Due to cell searches a lot of personal written documentation concerning the endeavor to gain access to Spiritual Rights have been removed and have never been returned. I will forward information in point form for convenience.

- 1/ Upon entering E.R.C. I stated I practiced "Native Spirituality" on E.R.C. admission form, July 12, 1986.
- 2/ I requested through Chaplain Services, [REDACTED], that I be permitted professional visits with Spiritual Elder, Garry Neault. He informed me that appropriate security clearance would have to be verified by E.R.C. before the visits were permitted. He inquired if I practiced Native Spirituality as a rule. I replied "Yes, Mr. Garry Neault has been my Elder and he has been working in a spiritual way with my husband and myself prior to incarceration."
- 3/ Two visits were given to me during the months of August and September, 1986. In September, I was informed by Garry Neault through telephone communication that he was no longer permitted professional visits with me. I put in a request to [REDACTED] to inquire why the visits were terminated. A personal interview took place. At that time, he told me that because I am a violent prisoner the visits were suspended.
- 4/ On September 10, 1986, I put in a request to the visiting co-ordinator. "Through outside sources I am told I am no longer permitted professional visits with Spiritual Elder, Garry Neault. I am inquiring why and the reasons for this decision. If it is untrue, I request a visit be scheduled. Thank You."

The response I received from [redacted] of [redacted], Mr. [redacted] was: "Spiritual counselling is conducted through our Native Counselling within the Remand Centre."

- 5/ Upon direction to Native Counselling Services, I furthered a request to N.C.S.A. within E.R.C. An interview took place between myself and Ms. [redacted], who, to my knowledge is a Native Liaison Court Worker. I inquired if there was an Elder who came into E.R.C. for Spiritual Counselling, the reply was "No". Our conversation seemed to be generally enlightening, she was quite enthusiastic about Native people and their access to spiritual rights. I then compared other denominations to Native Spirituality and her response was that if I persisted to be radical about religious access I would get no where.

I asked that N.C.S.A. be supportive and liaison between E.R.C. administration and myself. She informed me that she would make inquiries on my behalf. I waited for a period of two weeks after which time I submitted further requests to N.C.S.A. stating that if they could not or would not service my request to please inform me in writing. I have never received a response from Ms. [redacted] or any other representative of N.C.S.A.

- 6/ On September 23, 1986, I submitted a request to Director of E.R.C., [redacted] Please find attached.

"I have exhausted avenues of access to Native Spiritual guidance. I would like to discuss with you why this right is violated in E.R.C."

His response:

I am in receipt of your request dated September 22, 1986 regarding access to Spiritual Guidance. The Centre has the services of Native Counsellors, R.C. Chaplain and Protestant Chaplain for providing spiritual guidance to the residents. You may wish to avail the services of the Native Counsellors as is done by all other inmates of Native ancestry incarcerated at this Centre. I am forwarding your request to Brian Shanks, Native Counsellor for his attention."

Upon receiving this response to my request, I waited for [redacted], Native Counsellor to contact me. At no time since the first interview with [redacted] have I seen or heard from Native Counselling Services of Alberta.

- 7/ Since professional visits were terminated with Elder Garry Neault, September 1986, he endeavored to gain entrance to E.R.C. to visit me. He was given a personal interview with the Director, Mr. [redacted] at which time permission was granted to us (Elder and myself) to have one half hour professional visits with previous appointment scheduled and notification to E.R.C. administration.

8/ Professional visits commenced between myself and Mr. Nault on these terms once every two to three weeks.

9/ On November 26, 1986, Mr. Rod Carter, who is a Minister of the United Church of Canada came into E.R.C. on professional status to visit me. We were given a two hour visit. I did not request a visit with Mr. Carter. Upon acquaintance I inquired who sent him and why. He informed me that a mutual friend from Eastern Canada asked him if he would make a visit to ensure that I was alright. It was purely consideration on his part.

After the visit was completed I immediately put in a request to Security of E.R.C. to inquire why a two hour visit was permitted with Minister of the United Church and why I was only permitted half hour visits with the Spiritual Elder of my faith. Mr. [REDACTED], conducted a personal interview in the presence of a C.O. III on living unit 5B. He said that it was my choice to visit the Minister. He asked me if I would pursue this matter further and reminded me that the professional visits that were granted to me and Elder Neault was a privilege that could be removed. He did not suggest a reasonable answer as to why a two hour visit was granted with Mr. Carter and why a half hour visit was appropriate with Elder Garry Neault. For personal fears of repercussions concerning access to my Elder I did not pursue the matter further.

10/ January 7, 1987, myself and another Native prisoner requested that we be celled together because we were about to begin a spiritual fast for four days. C.O. II, [REDACTED], accepted the request and housed us together. January 9, 1987, C.O. III and ADD Security entered our cell at 4:00 p.m. and informed us that we had a choice if we wished to continue our fast. The choice was if we continued our fast we would be confined separately in 23⁰ hour lock-up on the medical unit or we could terminate our fast and remain in general population. I inquired as to why this action was taken. I have been in E.R.C. since July 1986, I have fasted each month for a period of two to four days. He (ADD Security) responded that it was policy and that my regular fasts were previously unobserved. At that point, I suggested I would terminate my fast in favor of remaining in general population. My suggestion was a lie purposely voiced for their benefit so they would allow me to remain in population. I continued my fast until January 11, 12:00 a.m. which expired the four days of my commitment. I asked them to leave my cell before I became belligerent.

11/ January 20, 1987, Native Male Prisoner, Phil Bearshirt, lodged a court action against Edmonton Remand Centre on the grounds of freedom of religion under the Canadian Charter of Rights because he had been denied his constitutional right to carry a spiritual bundle in his cell. An Alberta Court

ruled that he be permitted his Sacred Eagle Feather, a headband, sage, sweetgrass and tobacco in his cell. Please find attached newspaper clippings.

In relation to the court ruling, I phoned my lawyer, Mr. S. Sanderman, who had had my sacred eagle feather in his possession since my arrest in July, 1986. I asked him to put the eagle feather in my property so that I could have it in my personal possession.

January 27, 1987, I requested that Inmate Property forward the eagle feather to my prison on living unit on 5B. Please find attached:

Security [redacted] denied the request: "Feather was placed in your property for safe keeping".

January 28, 1987, I forwarded a letter to Security. It read as follows:

"According to a judgement passed in a court of law, native prisoners are permitted sacred sacraments such as eagle feathers, sage, sweetgrass, cedar and a prayer bundle on unit in the prisoners's possession. Re: Phil Bearshirt VS Edmonton Remand Centre.

In reference to request 87-01-27 to Inmate Property, Security replied, "feather was placed in your property for safe keeping". I did not request that it be placed in property for safe keeping, I specifically requested it be forwarded to my personal possession on 5B.

If there are further complications concerning the status of my religious way of life, please refer to admitting form under religion. Upon admittance to E.R.C. I declared I practiced Native Spirituality, a part of the sacraments of Native People is the Sacred Eagle Feather.

My lawyer, Mr. S. Sanderman will be in contact with E.R.C. concerning this matter."

January 28, 1987, Security [redacted] responded:

"As a routine we do not accept property for inmates after their initial admission, however, the feather was accepted from your solicitor as a favor to them. As such, the feather shall remain in your personal property."

12/ January 15, 1987, my husband and myself had a legal interview with lawyer, S. Sanderman. Prior to this appointment my hair was placed in braids, each tied with red cloth. The cloth was approx. 16 inches and wrapped tightly around each braid. The visiting co-ordinator asked me to remove the red cloth, I did as they asked. They retained the braid holders.

13/ Monday, February 9, 1987, Elder Garry Neault and myself were scheduled for a professional visit. At 1:30 p.m. after the visit took place I was immediately taken into a private room where I was strip searched by female visiting co-ordinator. Upon returning to female living unit, 5B. after inmate count was verified by unit staff I was called to my cell and strip searched again. The time was 3:00 p.m.

14/ February 12, 1987, another professional visit was permitted between myself and Elder Neault. After the visit was complete I was strip searched. I removed all clothing and my glasses but refused to remove my underpants. The reason for this refusal was because I was on my menstrual cycle.

C.O. II, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] stated that I would be placed on charge for refusing to strip search. I replied that it was discrimination to strip search me after a professional visit concerning my religious faith. She called another female guard and ordered me to stand in the corner without my clothes. Under the guards supervision I sat on a bench for ten minutes wearing only my underpants. [REDACTED] returned and informed me that I would be placed in isolation without the water turned on for observation. I inquired if I could call my lawyer, I was told that I could call him once I returned to my range. At 2:00 p.m. I called solicitor, S. Sanderman.

At the time of this writing (4:00 p.m.). I am not in isolation. I am in general population. I do not know if I am being charged. I have not received a charge sheet.

In comparison of Native Spirituality to other religious denominations; I would like to clarify that there are numerous volunteers who enter E.R.C.; not only on religious status but also on personal basis. The visits that are granted between prisoners and the volunteers are recognized as religious visits. For comparable reasons I am forwarding a list of visitors:

Mrs. Hughes, volunteer of the Protestant religion is permitted regular professional visits with female prisoners.

Father Purcell, Roman Catholic Priest, is permitted on all living units to socialize among female and male prisoners. Plus regular church services.

Mr. & Mrs. Ackienhead of the Salvation Army denomination are permitted on all living units for counselling and socializing purposes. Plus regular church services.

On a regular basis a United Church Minister is permitted to socialize on living units. It is usually Saturday mornings on female living units.

Over the Christmas holiday season, December 1986, there were a number of volunteers who paraded through all the living units to

sing Christmas Carols to all the prisoners. I would approximate fifty people came in three separate groups.

In relation to the documentation I have submitted, I believe that my constitutional right of freedom of religion has been violated repeatedly and blatant discrimination has been practiced by E.R.C. I am at a complete loss for reasoning why was I granted two professional visits with Native Spiritual, Elder Garry Neault and without reason the visits were terminated. (September, 1986!!) ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ informed me that is was because I was a violent prisoner. Is being labelled a violent prisoner adequate grounds to deny me the right to maintain cultural faithfulness to Native Spirituality?

ADD Security of E.R.C. have answered most of my requests concerning Native Spiritual access. Why would security of E.R.C. be involved in the religious status of an incarcerated person?

Having been directed to Native Counselling Services of Alberta, I find it inappropriate that Native Liaison court workers are, as suggested by Director ~~XXXXXX~~, qualified to conduct spiritual counselling. I, also, find it extremely discriminating that the Director of E.R.C. suggest that R.C. Chaplain, Protestant Chaplain and Native Counsellors provide spiritual guidance to me when in fact, I have my own spiritual Elder who has worked with me for a number of months. Any other prisoners incarcerated in E.R.C. are permitted professional visits with their personal chaplain or minister if they belong to a community parish.

Why is there a half hour stipulation placed on the visits that are given to the Elder and myself when there are no stipulations placed upon other religious denominations?

According to a court action that ruled in favor of a native prisoner having his sacred sacraments in his cell, all native prisoners should gain this right. Why hasn't E.R.C. given me my Sacred Eagle Feather from my property? Again, I have to wonder at the sacraments of other faiths.. Bibles are permitted in cells, Bible study courses are conducted through Protestant and Salvation Army denominations, rosary beads and blessed medallions are permitted in cells.

Fasting has always been a part of Native Spirituality, the purpose it to purify one's body, mind and spirit. Why would E.R.C. policy state that a native prisoner be placed in twenty three and a half hour confinement for fasting? Is there such a policy in existence? Doesn't the Roman Catholic denomination purify one's body, mind and spirit by participating in the holy communion service and confession?

At Christmas time, a number of volunteers were allowed to parade on the living units to sing Christmas Carols. Christmas is a Christian celebration. I have to wonder if Native people would be permitted to celebrate an inter-tribal pow-wow throughout a particular holiday season??

Why would a strip search be warranted immediately after my visit with Elder Garry Neault? Any time I had interviews/visits with Reverend Acklenhead and Rod Carter I was not strip searched or pat searched. Does this happen to other prisoners who visit their religious priests or ministers?

I do not mean to reject Christianity or categorize other denominations by comparing them to my faith, however, I do wish to make an effort towards equal rights in the pilgrimage towards salvation. Most Native people recognize how the tragic blows of history have threatened to destroy our culture, our faith and our way of life. Although native persons have voiced a collective desire for social renovation, cultural revitalization and spiritual renewal, we have been unfortunate enough to face experiences that I have mentioned. It is my hope and trust in the Creator that people can arrive at a shared experience and renewal of social order. I trust that my document is adequate grounds for your services to act on.

From a personal point of view, I would recommend that appropriate steps be taken to establish an appropriate policy concerning Native Spirituality in Edmonton Remand Centre. I would suggest that Native organizations, Native Elders and other concerned citizens participate collectively to ensure that equal rights be afforded to all native people who will be incarcerated in Edmonton Remand Centre now and in the future.

Thank you in advance.

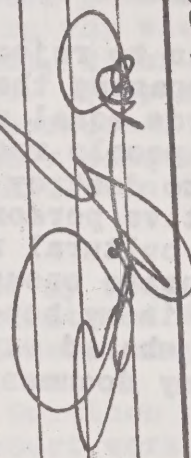
Sincerely,

Frances Sugar Dulude

cc/ Alberta Human Right Commission
Ombudsman of Alberta
Native Spiritual Elder, Garry Neault
Canadian Human Rights Commission
Elizabeth Fry Society of Edmonton Alberta
John Howard Society of Alberta
Native Spiritual Elder, Art Solomon

In the interests of "fair play" TIGHTWIRE extends an invitation to both the Edmonton Remand Centre and other parties concerned to respond to the issues raised.

Such replies will be printed in the next issue of TIGHTWIRE. - editor

Memo To:		Memo From:		Re:	
1/M PROPERTY		B DYKSEY A00 (Security)		"Feather" Property - Francis SUSAN - DUUDE	
Date: 27 JAN 1987		Telephone No:		File No:	
☐ Please initial/sign and return	☐	☐ For your information/attention	☐	☐ Please discuss with me	
☐ Please complete/note and return	☐	☐ Your comments, please	☐	☐ As per our discuss./ telephone conversation	
☐ Please return copy of your reply	☐	☐ Please reply direct	☐	☐ Please draft reply signature	
REMARKS					
1. Find attached one feather with beads and leather ties, which was delivered by the Solicitor of Francis SUSAN DUUDE.					
2. Record this item in to her property file and place the feather with her other effects. SHE IS NOT TO HAVE THIS IN HER POSSESSION!					
					

SG 380-AS (01/86)

A-180



HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION

801 Kensington Place, 10011 - 109th Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 3S8 403/427-7661

April 28, 1987

Gary Neault
Box 1672
SPRUCE GROVE, Alberta
T0E 2C6

C. Thomas
Director, Edmonton Remand Centre
9660 - 104 Avenue
EDMONTON, Alberta
T5H 4B5

Copy for: Fran Sugar Dulude.

Dear Sirs:

Further to our meeting last week, the following is my understanding of the agreement we arrived at in respect to Mr. Neault visiting inmates at the Edmonton Remand Centre.

1. Mr. Neault will contact the Remand Centre with his visit requests one day ahead of time. Where circumstances necessitate, the Remand Centre will be reasonable in accomodating Mr. Neault on shorter notice.
2. Visits will be held during the normal visiting hours which are 9:00 A.M. - 11:00 A.M., 1:00 P.M. - 4:00 P.M., and 7:00 P.M. - 8:30 P.M. Visits may also be held on weekends, arrangements to be made on the preceeding Friday.
3. Mr. Neault will advise the Remand Centre prior to his visits with inmates as to the amount of time he will be requiring.
4. All visits will be conducted in the visiting area.
5. The burning of sweet grass will be allowed however, Mr. Neault will ensure that this does not interfere with other professional visitors in the area.
6. It is my understanding that Frances Sugar-Dulude will be returning from Kingston in the near future for her appeal. Mr. Neault will be allowed to visit her as per the above agreement.

Hopefully, this should resolve the issue and avoid future problems with respect to the visitation of inmates.

Your co-operation has been most appreciated.

Sincerely,

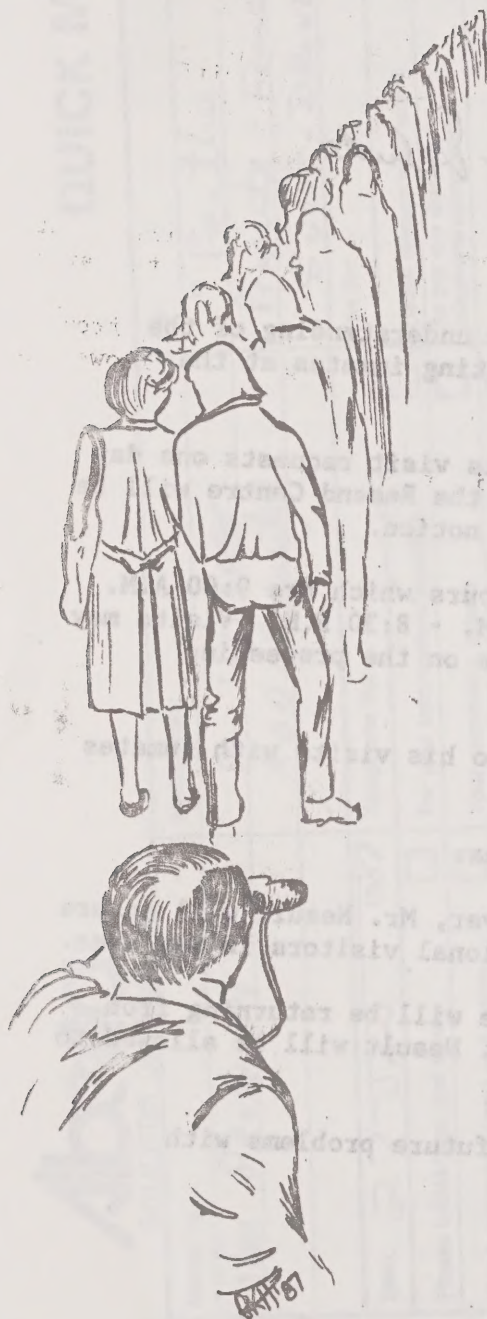
Denis St. Arnaud
Regional Director (N)

DSA/dd



THE POLITICAL PRISONER

Spend no tears
 Say no prayers
 for the man in
 the concrete cage
 True, no glimmer
 of light beckons
 at the end of
 the long corridor
 of his "future"
 Even a whisper
 of a trial never
 reaches his ear
 True, no visitor
 calls at his moss-
 lined cell to tell
 him the time and
 interger of year
 Only the gaoler
 bringing his meagre
 ration of mildewed
 biscuits and piss-
 like tea that start
 up painfully again
 his festering ulcer
 Still, say no prayer
 Spend no tears
 for this comrade in
 the concrete cage
 He has his honour
 But for you and I
 who daily stroll
 under the sun with
 fear-locked tongues
 You and I who have
 doubly pawned
 our lives for lies
 You and I
 who bicker at
 the government
 yet pay our taxes
 rant against
 the censor yet
 subscribe to the
 national newspaper
 For you and I, mister
 who walk these
 city's barren streets
 in a midday stupor
 save your prayers
 and shed your tears
 for you and I
 walk without honour.



WOMEN AND THE NATIONAL CONFLICT

THE STORY OF SHANTHINI

(This is a true story originally written in Sinhala by a Sinhala woman who left Sir Lanka for political reasons, shortly after incident took place.)

On the day before Deepavali, the Hindu religious festival day, in November 1985, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, government security forces encircled a village called Kovilgama at Kantalai in the district of Trincomalee. Saying they were hunting the 'Tigers', they conducted house to house searches.

The youth of the village involved in their everyday work were made to line up in queues and were severely assaulted by the Security Forces, who shouted obscenities at them while examining their National Identity Cards.

The women of the village, including two sisters -- one, M. Rajeswari, age 26, a volunteer teacher at the Kantalai Tamil School, and the other, her younger sister, M. Shanthini, age 20, a student, were preparing sweets for the Deepavali celebration, the next day. The sisters watched, in fear, the terrible scene of the government security forces in action.

Suddenly some security personnel jumped through their front door, shouting, "Are there any Tigers, here?"

One officer pointed Shanthini out and shouted, "Woman, get over here" and pulled Shanthini to the back of the house. Another officer followed them.

"Hey woman, want to marry me?" the officer broke the silence, gesturing threateningly at Shanthini.

"Agree to marry him, he's a good man", the other officer added.

"Hey woman, what's your address?"

"M. Shanthini, Kovilgama, Kantalai."

"We'll be back, O.K.? they told Shanthini as they left, "Be ready to celebrate the festival."

Shanthini must have thought it would be better if Deepavali did not happen at this time.

"Thangachi, the soldiers have gone but we have to be very careful!" elder sister, Rajeswari calmed her younger sister. (Thangachi means younger sister).

"Careful...?" Shanthini cried, "What can we do? I'm scared. We can't go to Trincomalee. Our brother's house there was also burnt by thugs. They also don't have a place to live and they've been displaced. We've narrowly survived so far but problems are arising here, too."

Many youths had been disappearing and this had spread fear throughout the village of Kovilgama. At sunset, mothers with infants at their breasts hide in the surrounding forest for their safety. They do not sleep the whole night because they don't know when the security forces will show up. They are not in a position to take their babies to a doctor if one suddenly falls sick.

Long before sunset the village of 'Kovilgama' falls asleep.

At Midnight, before the dawn of the "Deepavali" day, the sound of an old woman crying aloud - as if she were dying - shook the village of 'Kovilgama'. The whole village was in shock. People noticed a jeep in front of Shanthini's house. Security personnel kicked the front door in with their boots and entered the house.

The people in the house were taken by surprise, not knowing what to do, they stood immobile like stones. Even so, it was not difficult for them to identify the security personnel as the men who'd been there earlier, in the afternoon.

"Who's this bastard?" A Security officer pointed at one of Shanthini's relatives, a Mr. Shanmugarajah.

"He's my husband", Shanthini's elder sister replied.

A security officer stepped in front of her, and tore her necklace off and put it into his pocket.

"Oh my god!...that's my thali, give it to me", the elder sister cried. (The Thali is a holy ornament worn by a Hindu woman. It is put around her neck by her husband on their wedding day and isn't removed under any circumstances until her husband dies.)

"Shut up, whore...your mouth's too big", the government security officer responded. "You! Do you have an identity card?" he asked Shanmugarajah.

"Yes sir, I have one", Shanmugarajah replied and stepped forward to show him his identity card. He noticed that his sisters-in-law, Rajeswari and Shanthini were then pulled into a room by the officers.

"We have to get a statement from these two; they have to come with us," the security officer said coming out of the room. "Get into the jeep." Both young women were pulled towards the jeep.

"Sir, we cannot let these women go at this time of the night. We will bring them in the morning." Shanmugarajah begged the officers in order to save his wife's sisters.

"Is that so? Then, you can also join us." Shanmugarajah and another relative were pushed into the jeep. With four civilians the jeep started to move. A few yards away, two more youths were taken in.

The jeep sped off and then slowed down, the headlights were turned off and then it drove furtively past the paddy fields which are deserted at night.

The next morning, Deepavali day, the unclothed bodies of the two young women and the bodies of four young men were found at the 9th mile post of the Kantalai - Seruvila road. When the whole village came to know of the tragedy, large numbers of people went to identify the bodies. The people who saw the young women's bodies could not bring themselves to look at the young men's bodies, because they were overcome with grief.

The young women's breasts were bitten in several places. There were several small wounds to their necks, faces and chests. There were clear marks indicating that they were raped and because of the assault the heads of these young women were battered. The other four men had been shot to death.

The following day the electronic media and the 'national' newspapers reported, "The village of Uksrigama located at the Kantalai - Seruvial road was attacked by terrorists. Several dead bodies were found. The dead bodies have been taken to the Trincomalee government hospital mortuary."

But the villagers (Sinhala speaking people) of 'Uksrigama' were not aware of the 'terrorist' attack at their village and they are still denying the news reports.

The people of the Village of Kovilgama know the facts of the coldblooded massacre of six people from their village.

But why is the state spreading such naked lies? What's the purposes of spreading these types of lies? Is it possible to solve our national question when the security forces are terrorising innocent civilians in the name of eliminating 'terrorism'? Innocent civilians are always the target of the security forces.

Women are the most oppressed in our society because of social status and nationality. Are we going to keep silent after shedding tears for our sisters facing sexual oppression? Or are we going to organize ourselves and struggle to demolish all forms of oppression. Sisters, what's your answer. The bodies found were:

M. Rajeswari, age 26, volunteer teacher.

M. Shanthini, age 20, student.

K. Shanmugarajah, age 35, father of 4 children, worker at Irrigation Department, Kantalai.

N. Thevarajah, Age 28.

N. Ratnasingam, Age 30.

N. Kugendrarakajah.

Taken from Sri Lanka Workgroup, Summer, 1987

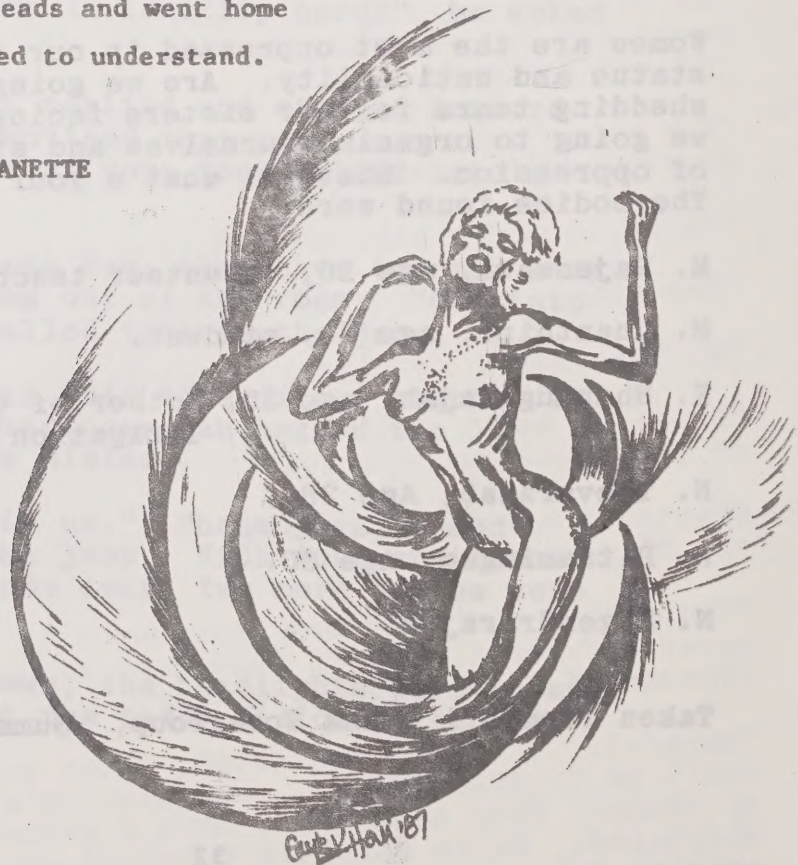
And she ran from who she was
she screamed her terror to the heavens
she cried for she knew she was lost
she trembled from the bottom of her soul
never wanting to live and feel again

And she tried to understand
because they said that they totally understood her
she wondered why she did not
she only understood that she
did not want to live and feel

And the emotions ripped through her
leaving her exhausted and weak
the pain would not subside
the fear remained in place
"I don't want to live! I don't want to feel!"
her cry echoed through the empty corridors

And they all stood around and said
"We understood why she didn't listen?"
They shook their heads and went home
And they continued to understand.

DANETTE



EVERY DAWN I DIE

FROM THE LAND OF THE LOST, LIMBO
UNRAVELLING BENEATH THE BEDDING WITH YOUR TOUCH
I WAKE AND BLINK AT DAY-BREAK
SHAKING-OFF THE VERMIN AT MY THROAT
DAWN IS PEEKING AT THE HORIZON
.....I BEGIN TO DIE.....

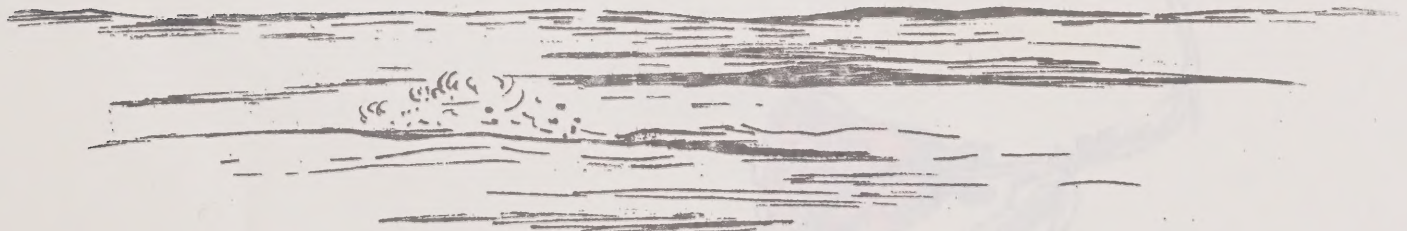
THE SUN IS GLIDING UPWARDS FOR THE DAY
AS I CREEP INTO THE LIVING
THE CUE OF A NEW DAY, THE PRICE TO PAY.

OH! SWEET HOT BALL OF FIRE, WARM THIS ICEBERG
THAT SLIPS THROUGH ICY WATERS
BREATH YOUR FLAMES INTO A HEART OF MARBLE
TO MELT THE HATRED.

SCORCH THIS STRUCTURE OF STONE WITH THOSE BURNING RAYS
UNBRAND ME FROM MY PRISON, SEAR THESE BRACINGS
RELEASE YOUR DAY TO WELCOME MY NIGHT.

WASTE YOUR AGELESS ENERGY UPON MY EXISTENCE
CAPTURE ME FROM THE NIGHT
AND SEND FOREVER YOUR SHINING LIGHT
OR I MIGHT ONCE AGAIN DIE TONIGHT.

Doriana '87



December 11, 1986

"TO TRUST AGAIN"

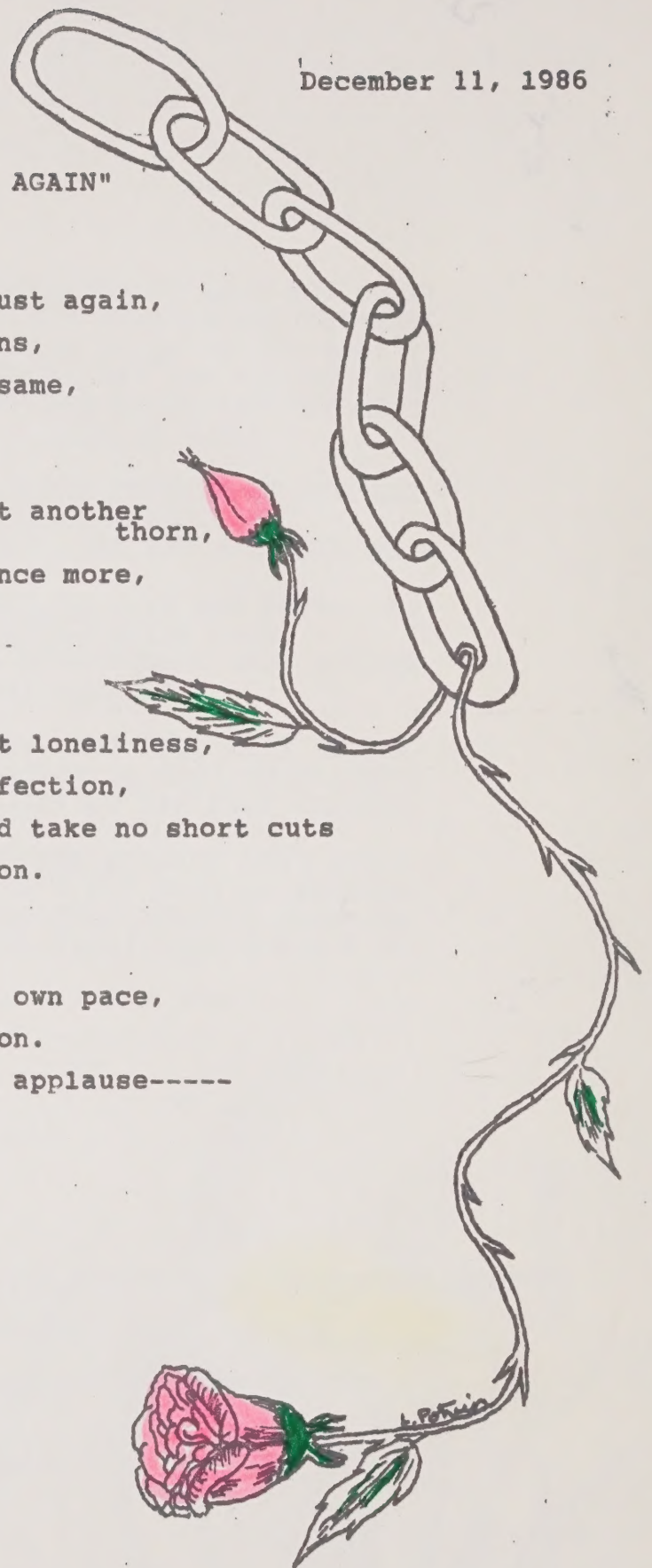
Will I ever learn to trust again,
After I remove the chains,
Will everything be the same,
Or different?

Who knows if I will meet another
thorn,
And puncture my heart once more,
I must take the chance,
To face the world.

Strive for happiness not loneliness,
Be satisfied with imperfection,
Straighten my nerves and take no short cuts
Make the decent selection.

Expect to perform at my own pace,
No matter what the reason.
I will not wait for the applause-----
Just to live
Because.....

DORIANA



PROMISES

Promises can be made

Promises can be broken

But the best promise of all

Is a promise not spoken

Life is full of many changes

Nature will take it's course

Promises not fullfilled

Will leave you feeling remorse

A promise is only words

Which mean a lot to few

So keep it in your heart

Until it can come true.

P.Reid



"The Unfolding"

The beaming mellow, yellow,
molten morning sun
in all its glowing
glory
meets the dawns
dampening dew.

Our world is
greeted
to an angelic
smile.

A kindly, warm
kiss,
- embraces the pathways
upon which we walk.

The yellow - tail
in melodic verse,
preens and displays
her pleasing plume.

Sharp - dressed lovers
woken and enchanted
by their worldly
mates,
whisper to the wind
their universal song.

Together they
praise the
unfolding,
another day,
another way
created for them
in an endless
above.

Good morning Mellow Yellow!
Good morning My Love!

Written by:
Andy Weaver.



SUICIDAL MYTHS

MYTH #1: People who talk about suicide do not commit suicide.

TRUTH: Of any ten who commit suicide, eight have given warnings.

MYTH #2 Suicide happens without warning.

TRUTH: Many clues are given, usually as a result of ambivalence.

MYTH #3: Once a person is suicidal, he/she is suicidal forever.

TRUTH: People are suicidal for only a limited period of time, usually the crisis are contained within hours, or days at most.

MYTH #4: Suicidal people are fully intent on dying.

TRUTH: Suicidal people have highly ambivalent, conflicting feelings regarding these decisions.

MYTH #5: All suicidal people are mentally ill - psychotic.

TRUTH: Although it may happen with higher frequency amongst the mentally ill, it is certainly not exclusive to their group. Most suicidal people are suffering from a severe reactive (situational) depression.

MYTH #6: Improvement following a suicidal crisis means that the risk of suicide is over.

TRUTH: Most suicides occur within three months following the beginning of 'improvement' following intervention, in the case of severe depression.

SUICIDE - PREVENTION?

Danger Signals--Warning indicators are present before a person attempts to take their own life. What are these signals, how to recognize them and what to do once these are identified were all topics covered in a Suicide Prevention seminar held recently at the Prison for Women.

The group was conducted under Chapel auspices by the Department of Psychology. Rev. John Downs and Alex Loucks acted as co-moderators. An unexpected but welcome addition to the forum was Muriel Bishop, a dedicated Quaker visitor, who had come to the prison on other business but stayed to participate in this group.

A topical film "Conspiracy of Silence" was shown. Afterwards, those present used its story line to take a look at situations and attitudes that can lead to suicidal feelings. A picture was drawn of an individual feeling hopeless, helpless, worthless and confused. Life problems of the moment seem insurmountable and without solution.

The language of the suicidal person is marked by negative phrases that gloomily, "No hope of change." "No one cares, things will Never get better." "I Always knew I was No Good to Anyone". These types of statements are very real verbal clues to a suicidal state of mind.

It was pointed out that a person going through such a crisis is experiencing an intense form of Tunnel Vision. She is unable to see Any solutions to the problem(s) at hand. At this point a sympathetic or understanding person can be of assistance. By getting a troubled person to outline the problems they are experiencing, a friend can then try and offer a different view by exploring alternative solutions. The solutions may not be immediate but even a small ray of hope may serve to break through the awful nightmare world of this unhappy mind.

Alex Loucks provided the group with further notes on identifying basic features of the potentially suicidal individual. Equally as helpful were the six points relating to "Suicidal Myths."

Throughout the foregoing presentation and discussions, I had a distinct feeling that the majority of those prisoners in attendance were not learning anything that was new to them. Nor were they being told about circumstances they had not witnessed or experienced first hand. Group members were quick to turn a general academic 'out there' discussion into an opportunity to

talk in general about the 'here and now' cases of attempted suicide that are not uncommon in this prison.

Leading concerns were that suicidal inmates were subjected to further punishment by being placed in Segregation and threatened with the additional loss of a variety of privileges. Members of the group asked why distressed women could not be monitored in the hospital, a caring environment rather than subjected to further hostility. At present all treatment did was reinforce the woman's own negativity and sense of hopelessness.

In a genuine emergency "helpful" prisoners are still left with a difficult choice. After lock-up there is no one to turn to except Security Matrons. Their primary role is to maintain the "good order of the Institution" by established regulations. Individual well-being is a very distant secondary consideration. This may not be an individual preference but it is the first priority of the role imposed on them by jobs which they have chosen themselves.

The Institutional Representatives continued to stress that the most positive approach to suicide prevention lay in establishing "Bonds of Trust" between Prisoners and Staff. Asking the chickens to trust the fox without some assurance that this trust will be met with good faith is completely unrealistic.

Some comments were made that indicated that efforts would be made to increase the sensitivity of the Security Staff to this specific problem of Suicide prevention. Undoubtedly, there are many of good will who would be pleased to see the role of Matron expanded to allow for a more humane solution to very human difficulties.

The most positive and helpful note of this Prevention Clinic was struck by our visitor, Muriel Bishop. She encouraged seeking a medical/hospital setting for suicidal individuals. She further suggested that outside volunteers be solicited and trained in this specific crisis intervention. It was a pleasure to have her share her positive point of view.

No final solutions were found but information was shared. A door has begun to open on some of the hidden of prison. A small but encouraging effort.

Jo-Ann Mayhew

**OPPRESSIVE
TERMINAL
REVERIES**

Immured behind these silent eyes,
Visions of silhouetted lurid figures;
In the conduction of immortality, morbid fatigue.

They furtively crawl within my mind,
Torturing my subconscious;
With ascendancy they possess, in hours of darkness.

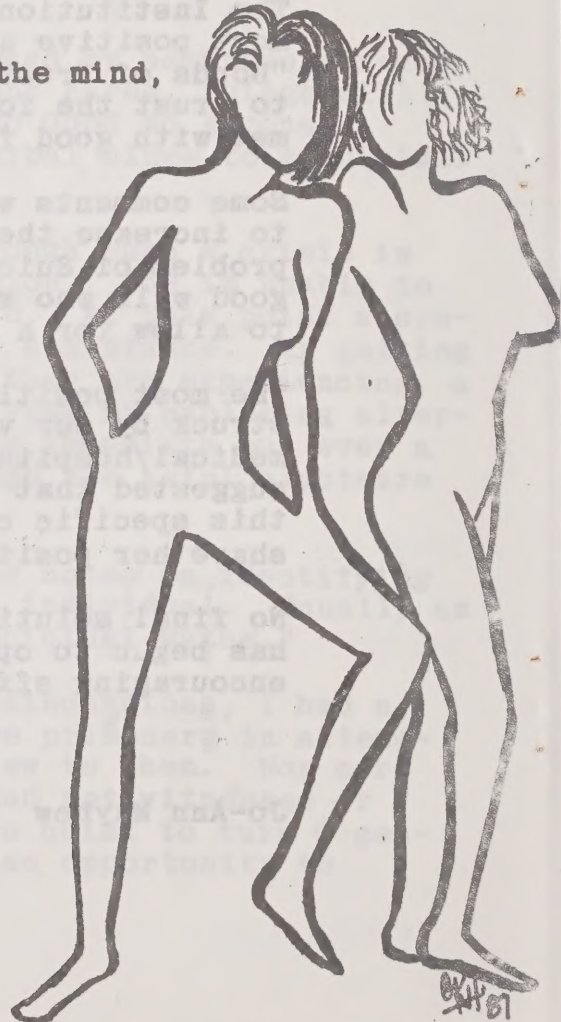
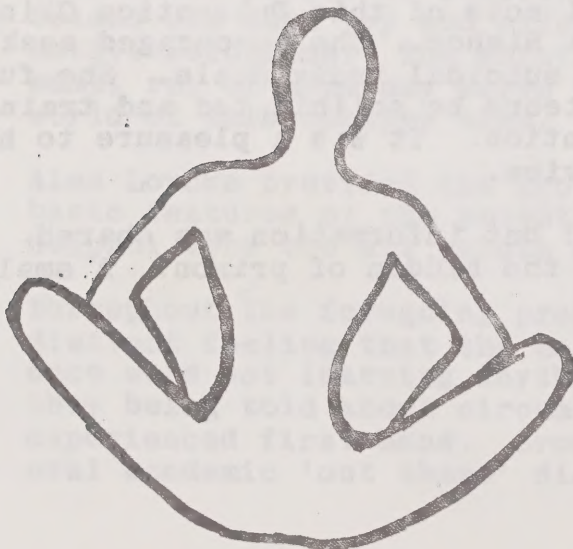
The anxiety of fear that dwells within my soul,
from the hollow sounds of their
argot chants.

Echoes from their words of rage,
Crash against my skull like thunderbolts;
Destroying all the reality of sight and sound.

Oppressive, Terminal, Reveries,

Inflicted on the soul, transpires within the mind,
Of once a helpless child.

M. Racky



A TALE OF TWO FLOWERS

By: Everett Hollis

It came as no surprise to me that inside the box was an awful looking bulb protruding out of a clump of potting soil. I would not have expected anything different from a plant with the name Amaryllis.

Amaryllis is a name that sounds too much like Amarillo, a place in Texas which was the home of an US Air Force training base during the Viet Nam war. I can remember the stories of fellow airmen depicting a prison-like existence out in the middle of a desert. It was said that dust blew in from four different States, making it a dumping ground for rejected soil. What kind of flower could bloom amidst this hostile environment where one could only grow weary, old and bitter?

Even though the outside of the shipping box depicted a beautiful pink flower, one look inside only reinforced my skepticism. What more could be expected from something with a desert name? No bright coloured leaves or delicate petals, just this big bulb staring up at me seemingly trying to decide whether to burrow itself further in the sand-like soil or to make an escape into a more natural environment, namely, the outside world with its rain and wind and sun.

It really didn't surprise me when this flower with the strange name didn't grow after Ruth and I carefully followed the directions written on its former prison, the box. I began to get a little angry when I considered the possibility that we had wasted our precious time and money on this disgusting bulb. Fortunately, Ruth has a lot more patience than I. I guess that comes from being married to a student minister, a curious creature half in school and half in a pastorate. Anyway, Ruth continued to faithfully care for this reject from who-knows-where, in spite of my skepticism. The thought had occurred to me that perhaps the potting soil was actually dust that had blown in from the Bad Lands of New Mexico. Who could expect anything to grow in that kind of soil?

As my frustration mounted, I began favoring throwing out this misfit. What point was there in keeping this source of irritation around? It was also at this time that I began to realize that this plant was becoming quite threatening to me. After all, this ungrateful blub was not responding to my most generous pastoral love and concern. Having provided such a healthy environment, I was really frustrated with the lack of response on the part of this ingrate. As the frustration grew, I only wanted to be rid of it once-and-for-all. Somehow looking at this bulb stirred up a sound I really didn't want to hear, you know the one, the one that sounds so much like "you have failed".

This voice got louder, and more painful, when we had occasion to visit friends who had an Amaryllis that was doing just fine. These friends weren't even ministers and their plant looked beautiful! Seeing their plant in full bloom only increased my resolve

to be rid of this menace to my well-being. It became all too clear that the only recourse left was to do as I do with all non-productive entities - get rid of it. Maybe then that terrible voice of failure would become silent again.

Fortunately, duties of school and church and family intervened and I lost my obsession over the plant. A short while later, Ruth excitedly told me that our wayward bulb had suddenly started to show signs of REAL growth. I was surprised and humbled by this turn of events, and of course I didn't mention my previous state of unrest. I can hear myself muttering phrases like, "There really are miracles, aren't there", or "I guess some things seem to grow at different rates than others". What I couldn't admit was that I had totally given up hope.

It is funny how something as simple as a late-flowering Amaryllis can tell me so much about myself, like how quickly I can give up hope when I can't see any immediate answers to my problems. It painfully reminds me of what Paul meant when he wrote to the Romans that hope based on what is seen is not really hope at all. REAL HOPE is based on that which is unseen. Hope only begins when all hope is lost.

Finding hope in hopelessness reminds me of another situation that I have been immersed in during the past three years. It has taken place in one of our federal prisons, not far from my Theological College. It has been here that I have learned much about REAL HOPE. I have also learned what it is like living in a box that only occasionally gets opened and the only glimpses of the "real world" are those given by people who venture inside, or who correspond by mail. I have learned that life behind prison walls can be very lonely and threatening. I have also learned of the hopeless conditions that contribute to a person's getting into serious trouble.

I have found also that a prison is likely the most appropriate place to test Paul's concept of hope. The soil is as hard as the stone walls that surround it. Darkness prevades every crack and crevice, and what light there is, is usually artificial. Most of the plants that are "kept" there have been over-exposed to the pain and rejection of life from the time they were just buds. They have been infected with hatred and fear, and love is often only a four-letter-word. It is by no means fertile soil. I am not so sure it can even be called soil, but the plants there certainly feel soiled. It is certainly not the kind of place that I would want one of my plants living, and to expect a plant to blossom there is akin to asking for a miracle. It would further seem true that any growth that does take place is a miracle because the main purpose of a prison seems to be to keep those buds from contaminating the rest of the world.

This is not to say that there are not patient and loving gardeners there, indeed there are, but one soil sample will show the immense task that faces these people. Through the hard labor of these gardeners, and by the Grace of God, though, there have been miracles taking place. I have had the great fortune to be a witness to one of these miracles. I have come to know and love and be befriended by a person who had had a major transformation while

in prison. It is a most beautiful experience to watch this incredible process of a tender flower emerging from a rock-hard bulb. It is also a painfully slow process which will not be completed in the immediate future. This is not a case of an instant change, the common notion of the miraculous, but one taking place over time with many ups and downs.

One of the most striking comments my friend has made is that, while prison life is extremely difficult, the changes wouldn't have taken place without this time away from the rest of the world. It reminds me of how the Exodus people needed to wander in the desert long enough to rid themselves of their former ways in Egypt. Although they could not put down permanent roots in the desert, it was this time that helped them to be ready for planting in the Promised Land.

As I prepare to go to my "promised land", better known as my Settlement Charge, I know that my ability to minister to others has, in many ways, been shaped by my relationship with my prison friend. I have come to know in a REAL way what "being Born Again" means. I have come to know what an immense gift freedom is, and I also have experienced great pain as I walked away from the prison at Christmas time, knowing that I would be able to be with my family, and my friend wouldn't; knowing but for the Grace of God, there go I, too. I have also come to realize that not all people in our prisons will experience the kind of transformation my friend has, and this makes these occasions all the more special.

Indeed, I have learned much on account of our relationship, with most important being the redefining of "True Hope". Unfortunately, outside, there has been developing a movement which would very much effect people like my friend. This movement is the one that is seeking to re-establish the Death Penalty. I find this very troubling because my friend would have been executed if Capital Punishment had been in effect at the time of conviction. It is a thought that shakes my whole being. What a great tragedy it would have been if my friend's life had been taken - just as big a tragedy as the life that was taken before. The taking of any human life is a tragedy no matter who it is. The most complicating factor involved in the question of Capital Punishment is that we are dealing with human lives, not with plants, like an Amaryllis.

It is relatively easy to throw away a plant that appears hopeless, but can we, as Christians, ever declare a single individual as being BEYOND ALL HOPE? Christians, and others, in Canada have been debating whether, or not, Capital Punishment is; another form of murder (pre-meditated at that), an effective deterrent, or an appropriate punishment. What we have not questioned is the very real possibility that the Death Penalty may be a very grievous sin against Hope. We need to ask ourselves, "Have we given up on the ability of God's Grace to work miracles in people's lives?" Have we given up on the Good Shepherd's ability to find the lost sheep? I sincerely HOPE NOT.

"LAUNDRY LIST" FOR ADULT CHILDREN OF ALCOHOLICS

We have a list of characteristics we feel we have in common. Once upon a time they probably helped us survive growing up in an alcoholic family; now they get in the way of our living. We have found that by identifying with this list and learning to see how these characteristics show up in our lives, we can begin to change.

THE PROBLEM:

1. We became isolated and afraid of people and authority figures.
2. We are frightened by angry people and any personal criticism.
3. We judge ourselves harshly and have a low sense of self-esteem.
4. We don't act - we react.
5. We are dependent personalities who are terrified of abandonment. We will do anything to hold onto a relationship, because we want to avoid feeling the pain of abandonment we felt when we were growing up with parents who were never there for us emotionally.
6. We become alcoholics, marry them, or do both; or we find another compulsive personality, such as a workaholic, with whom we can continue to play out our fears of abandonment.
7. We became addicted to excitement after years of living in the midst of a traumatic and often dangerous family soap opera.
8. We live like victims, and we are attracted to that weakness in our friends and lovers.
9. We confuse love with pity, and we tend to love people we can pity and rescue.
10. We grew up in a symbiotic family existence; now we feel ineligible to live independently.
11. We get guilt feelings when we stand up for ourselves instead of giving in to others.
12. We became approval seekers and lost our identities in the process.
13. We have an overdeveloped sense of responsibility. We concern ourselves with others instead of with ourselves; this enables us not to look too closely at our own problems.

14. Alcoholism is a family disease. Some of us drank; others did not. All of us became para-alcoholics and took on the characteristics of the disease.
15. We have stuffed our feelings from our traumatic childhoods. Because of this basic denial, we have lost the ability to feel or to express our true feelings, both bad and good, because to feel at all has been so filled with pain for us.

THE SOLUTION

By attending meetings on a regular basis, we can begin to sit with the painful feelings we have been running from. By identifying with our list, and with the other members of our group, we can identify and face our own problems.

By putting and keeping the focus on ourselves, we can see our para-alcoholic thinking. We can then admit we are powerless over it.

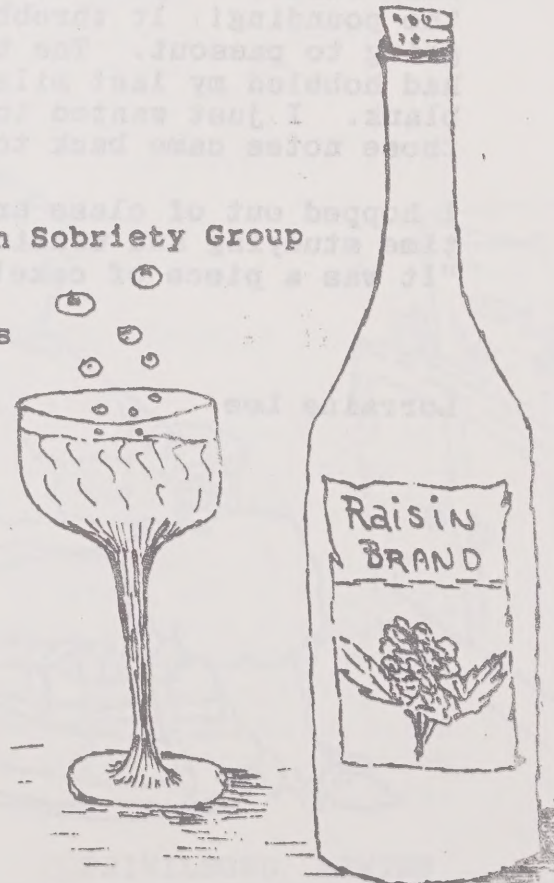
We can let the spirituality of the program into our lives, and we can begin to let go of the disease in us.

As we lose our sickness, we can begin to see and recover the self we lost in reacting to our alcoholic families. We learn to feel our feelings, to accept and express them, and to build our self-esteem.

We learn to love ourselves, thus setting ourselves free to love others in a new, healthy way.

This summer has seen a New Women In Sobriety Group formed at the Prison for Women.

If you have found even part of this "laundry list" ringing a few familiar bells --join us for conversation, discussion, healing and laughter.



June 30, 1987

It was 10:25, the night of my final exam. My books were scattered all over my bed and floor. I'd already started my tenth cup of coffee. The heat of the cell had the sweat trickling down my face.

I couldn't get my thoughts together. I guess it was what you call "final exam breakdown". I kept remembering I had some notes put away on top of my closet. While I was writing, I couldn't get this one thought out of my mind. I got up from what I was doing. I had to get my notes down. Only then did I realize that I was too short to reach them. They were on the highest shelf.

An idea came to me. I climbed on my toilet straddling the bowl in my bare feet. I leaned over to the left stretching for my notes. Next thing I knew, the toilet fell apart. Beneath me, the seat went one way and the lid went the other. Before I knew what had happened, I was standing with one foot twisted and stuck in the toilet bowl. And I'm talking stuck!

I was so embarrassed! I just couldn't go to the nurse and report. What could I say? My predicament defied description on an accident report. I decided to overlook it.

The next day, limping my way down to the school area my legs were like rubber. My heart felt like it was coming out of my chest - the pounding! It throbbed in my ears. I really thought I was going to pass out. The teacher told me it was time. I felt like I had hobbled my last mile. While I was sitting there, my mind went blank. I just wanted to throw in the towel. Surprisingly, all those notes came back to me by the time I was through.

I hopped out of class and the teacher asked me if I had had a hard time studying and writing? I looked up at him and smiled, saying, "It was a piece of cake!"

Lorraine Lee

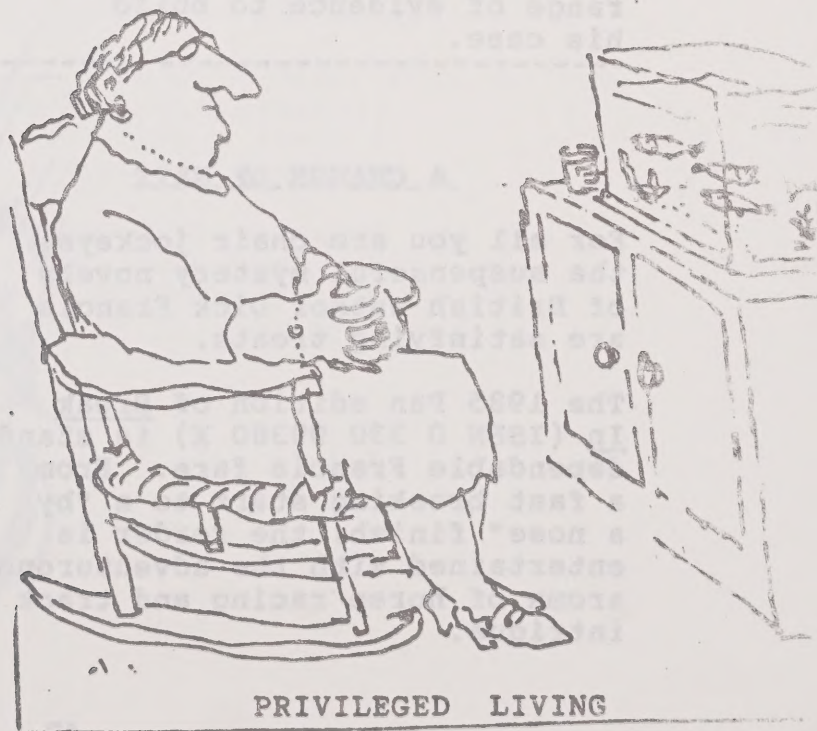
July 13, 1987

These are the black woods, my first asylum. Where the robins sing an endless song for rain. Where the smell of the forest invades my nostrils and keeps me in its grasp so secure so real...so sane.

These are the bars and high walls of the prison for women, my second asylum. Where hushed whispers speak of blood yet to be shed. In here all is held in suspicion. Heart aches for a true emotion from another. Where I might question...someone, still white and lifeless hanging from a sheet in their...suicide...murder...insanity.

I heard bones clacking last night in the bed, or was it merely in my head. The sound rang out into the night, my heart nearly stopped in fright. A creeping feeling ran up my back. I waited for someone to attack. I did not breath and lay quite still. Then from under the bed and up to the window sill. My cat ran with a mouse in its mouth. Those were the bones, that were clacking in my bed last night. I smiled now without a doubt.

Ann Riddell



PRIVILEGED LIVING

BOOK REVIEWS

A gift by Dr. ROLLO MAY.

Dr. Rollo May, a confessed psychoanalyst, possesses as well, impeccable teaching credentials from Harvard, Princeton and Yale. Most recently from the University of California at Santa Cruz, Dr. May illustrates the human need to create... the worth of this process... and the requirements that enable one to begin, in his book published in 1975 by arrangement with W.W. Norton THE COURAGE TO CREATE, a Bantam Book, 6th printing July, 1980, paperback, \$3.50 ISBN 0-553-14370-0.

Though he writes in the oft favored method of example and comparison, a type of dichotometical prose, Dr. May utilizes diverse references to poets like Dylan Thomas and James Joyce, artists such as Cezanne and Mark Tobey, existentialists Nietzsche and Kierkegaard to classical Sophocles encompassing a vast creative range of evidence to build his case.

Dr. May defines creativity in a significant manner:

"The need in everyone to give form to his or her life".

I recall a quotation from a reading done in high school and each time I use it, I hate myself for not remembering the author;

"The Quest"

...an indefatigable pursuit of an unattainable perfection, through the mere playing of an old piano, is what alone gives meaning to life on this unveiling star..."

Reading through THE COURAGE TO CREATE, a wholistic approach to creativity, I inherited the very personal search of Dr. May, himself. I was stimulated and gladdened by the treasures he had discovered.

Indeed, a gift from Dr. Rollo May

Gayle Horii

A CHANGE OF GAIT

For all you arm chair jockeys, the suspenseful mystery novels of British author Dick Francis are satisfying treats.

The 1985 Pan edition of Break In (ISBN 0 330 99380 X) is standard dependable Francis fare. From a fast breaking start to a "by a nose" finish, the reader is entertained with the adventurous aroma of horse racing and track intrigue.

Unfortunately, a more recent book has had this author move out of his familiar turf into a less horsey scene. To the true aficionado of the track, this is a cutting blow. Though the plotting and suspense abound and human characters lurk, I missed the glamorous romance of previous hunts. Nevertheless The Danger (also Pan-1986; ISBN 0 330 28505 X) makes pleasurable leisure reading.

JM

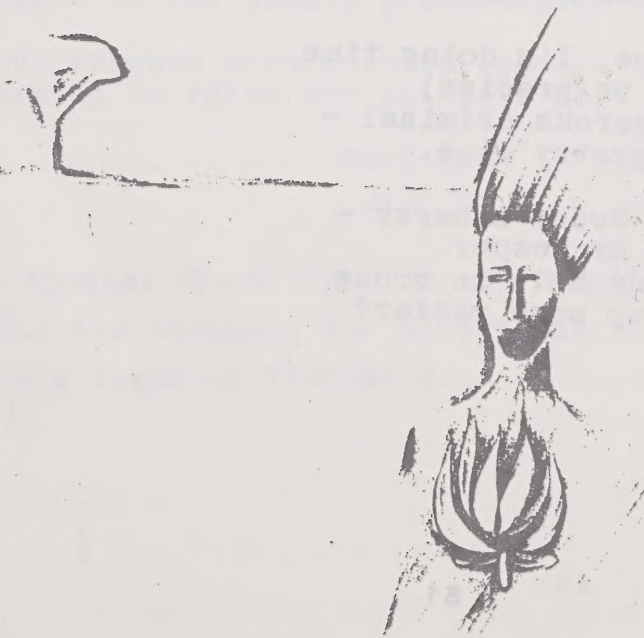
"This place"

Andrea Freud Loewenstein lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts U.S.A. where she is the founder and director of the Jefferson Park Writing Centre. She has taught writing there as well as three years teaching at a woman's prison.

"This Place" is an extraordinary evocation of a closed world-- a prison for woman. The plot is set over a period of four months. Involving a therapist working at the prison named Ruth, a street-wise young inmate called Candy, and Telecea Jones, a prisoner doing life. She is a slow-witted woman who has caused the death of another inmate.

I found "This Place" a very rewarding, moving book. Of all the prison books that I have read "Go Boy", "Bingo", "Doing Time", "My violent Years", "The Hate Factory" all tell their stories, some are good and some inferior, but I must add "This Place" is unique. What's different is the fact that this story is not about one particular incident, it covers the over-all drama happening from day to day in prison life. And, it's not only about the inmates. Staff are brought to light too. This is Loewenstein's first novel and it's very well put together. I hope there is a second in the making, because I am looking forward to reading it.

FRAN



JOINT BLUES

Here I dwell inside this cell
(of all the rotten luck)
For one untimely circumstance -
Man, did I get f----d!

Sure, I have a few regrets,
But it's not all that bad.
I knew someday I'd have to pay
For all the fun I had.

It's strange when I look back
(I've lost of time for thought)
I see I've made a few mistakes -
The worst was getting caught.

But never did I think it wrong
And to this very day
It puzzles me that I should be
Locked up in jail this way.

All I did was smoke a joint
And I sure felt on top.
How was I supposed to know,
The guy beside me was a cop?

For this offence, my poor defence
Couldn't bail me out
For the fee he took from me
You'd think he'd have more clout.

Still, I count my lucky stars
He pinched me when he did.
For fifteen minutes later
I would have had a lid!

That's my crime, I'm doing time
(Two years to be precise)
I'm not a dangerous criminal -
In fact, I'm pretty nice.

So give to me Sweet Liberty -
No need to be my keeper.
What the bloody hell is wrong
With smoking up some reefer?

T.G.

CONGRATULATIONS and THANK YOU to:

COLLINS BAY INSTITUTION

On the weekend of July 25 & 26, the men at Collins Bay Institution Kingston hosted their 11th Annual Olympiad for Special People.

The many months of work and planning were rewarded in a smooth running, fun and entertaining event.

With co-operating weather, visitors and participants had plenty of opportunity to take advantage of the carnival-like atmosphere provided by numerous activities, booths and entertainments. The attentive thoughtfulness of many hosts made this a very special day indeed.

Again-CONGRATULATIONS on this success and best wishes on your future endeavors!!

CONGRATULATIONS to:

THE MISSION MESSENGER

Early summer brought the arrival of the latest issue of The Mission Messenger in an impressive new format. Being in the business, we at TIGHTWIRE can well appreciate the huge effort that was involved in moving from the casual format of former issues to the glossy presentation of the current magazine.

Your success offers encouragement to all Prison Publications working to raise and maintain high standards.

GOOD LUCK in the future!!

A Special Thank You to the Summer Media Studies Class and its teachers for many ideas and contributions to this issue of TIGHTWIRE.

CHAPLAINCY SCHEDULE

SUNDAY	1400	Protestant Service Communion (fourth Sun. monthly) Salvation Army (first Sun. monthly)
	1700	P.C. Chapel
	1900	Native Prayer Time
	2000	Prison Fellowship "New Life" ministry - films, singing
MONDAY	1100	Bible Study
TUESDAY	1200	P.C. Lunch Meeting
	1600	Supper & Devotions
	1800	Group - R. Carrier, Rev. Downs
	1915	Group - McArthur Students
WEDNESDAY	1100	Bible Study
THURSDAY	1215	R.C. Mass

"HE THAT LEADETH INTO CAPTIVITY SHALL GO INTO CAPTIVITY"
Revelation 13:10

"THE LORD set

the prisoners
free"

Psalm 146



CHAPLAINS

Rev. Downs Protestant

Father Brady Catholic

Rabbi H. Basser

Art Solomon Native

Bobby woods Spiritual

Elders

For:

Additional Religious Visitors

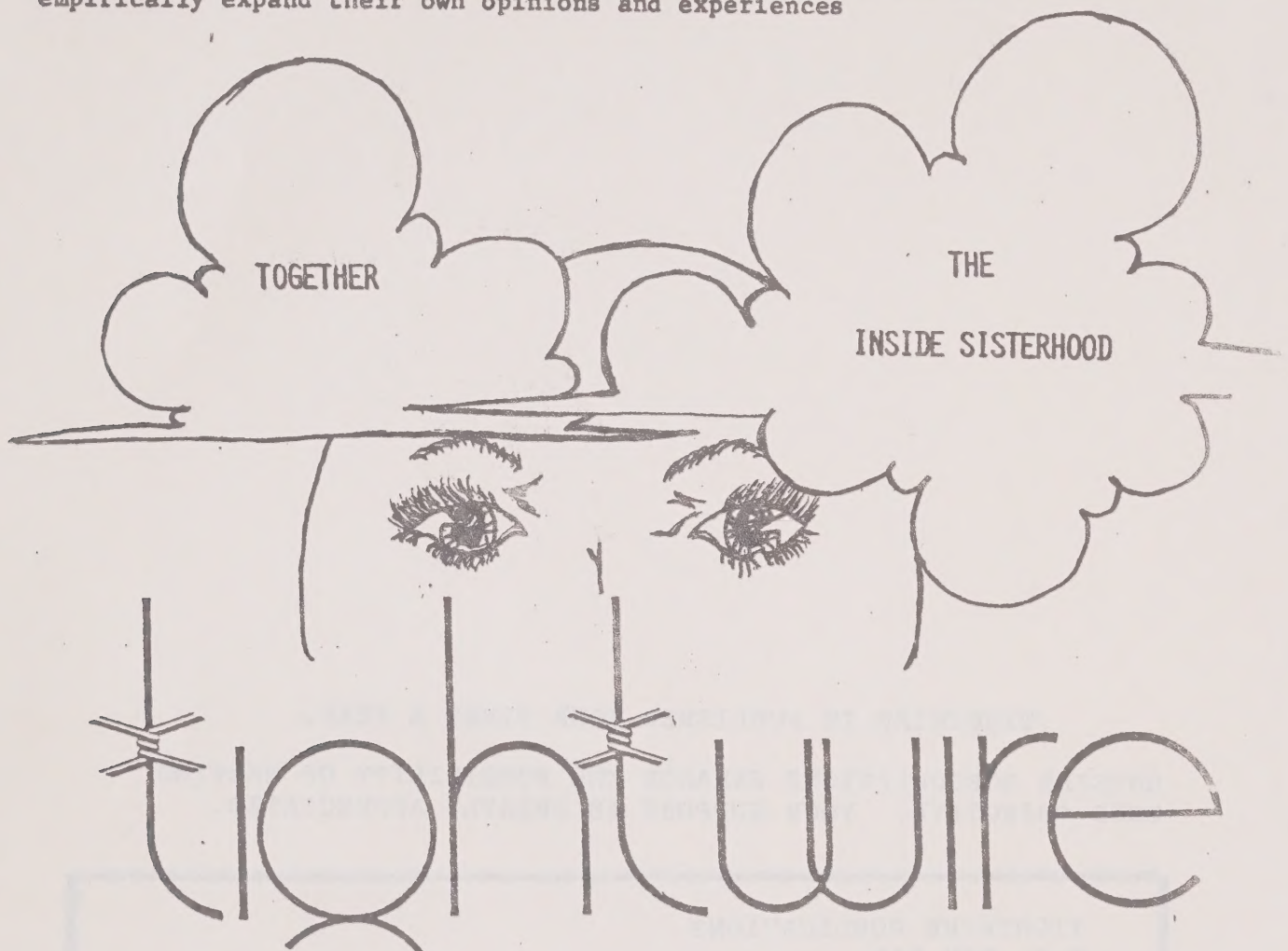
Bible Study by Correspondence

Religious Reading Materials

See: Rev. Downs

Phone Calls, Sunday 2030 hours - Rev. Downs

Outside readers should note that while every attempt is made to publish facts with accuracy, the Prison System itself does not support free disclosure. Prison writers are hard put to compile the statistics to empirically expand their own opinions and experiences



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